

CANTVS.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
five voyces.

*Seleced out of the best approued  
Italian Authors.*

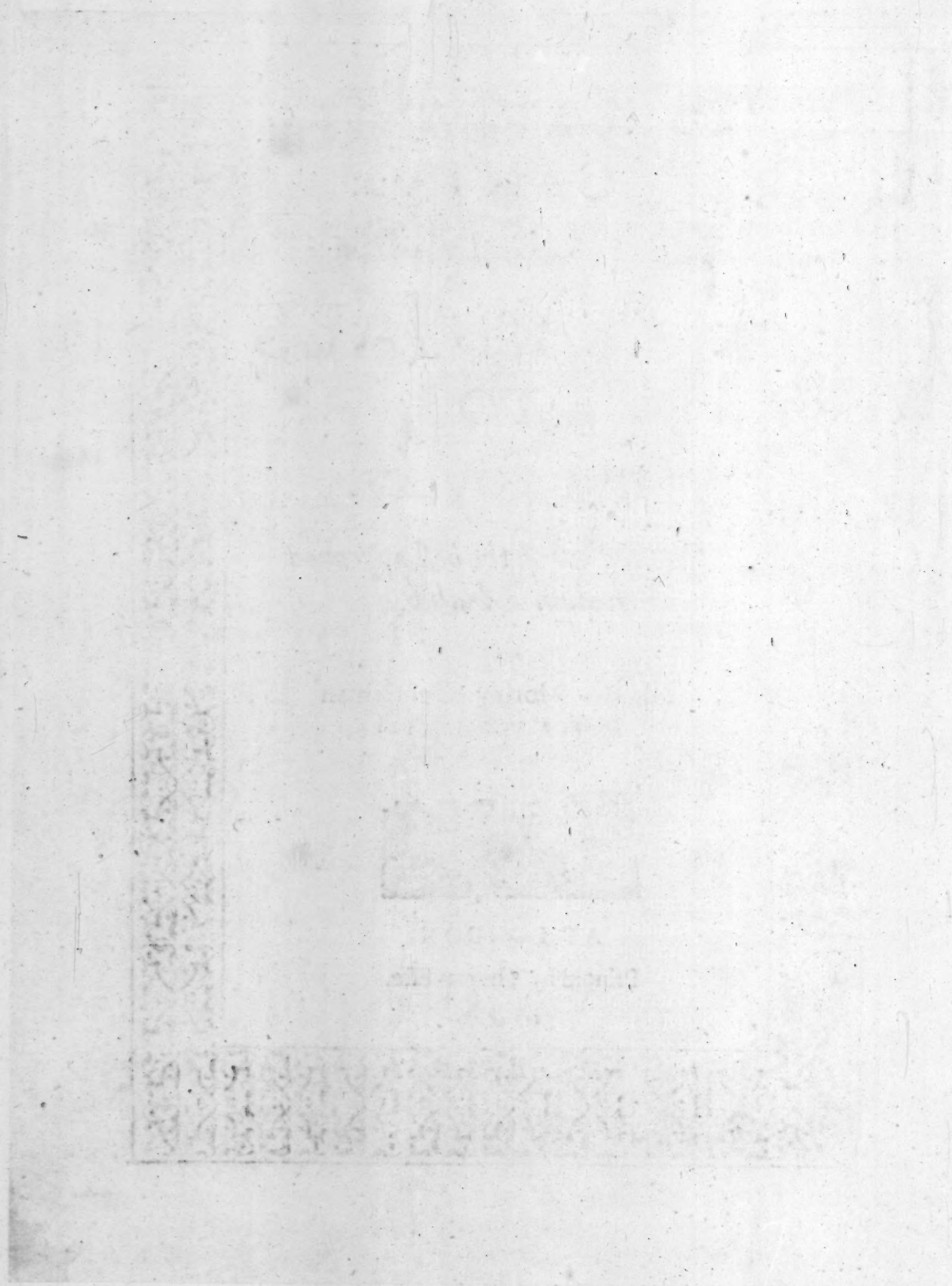
BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of hir Maiesties Royall  
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.  
1598.





# To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

KNIGHT.



GOOD Sir, I euer held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easely tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renoumed, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beclouded. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall mayntenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whome I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Paterne, the choyce, Mirtour & Mccenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well ordered designes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeouour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter traucells.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET.

*The Table of all the Madrigales contained in*  
these Bookes, with the names of their severall  
Authors and Originalls.

<b>S</b> Vch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing sing. st thou.	II	Battista Mosto.
I thinck that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers forth.	IIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds daunger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Harke and giue care.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Allessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thirsis on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie grieft I dye,	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
• The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
• O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopsus went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII	Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

*FINIS.*

Of 5.

I. CANTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



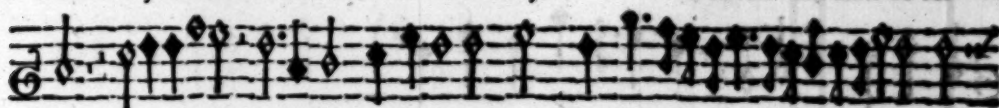
Vch pleasant boughs the world yet neuer vew-



ed, the world yet ne- uer vewed, such pleasant boughs



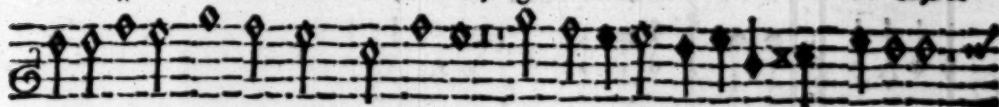
the world yet neuer vew- ed, Nor winde dyd e- uer moue such flowers ver-



dant, ::

As at the first vnto my sight were shew-

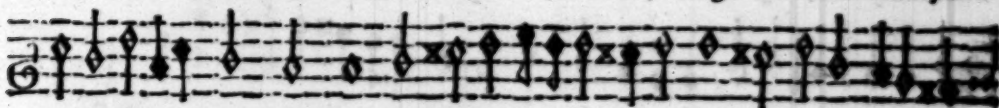
ed, For



that I seeing those hir two Lamps ardent, For my refuge no better shade dyd espie,



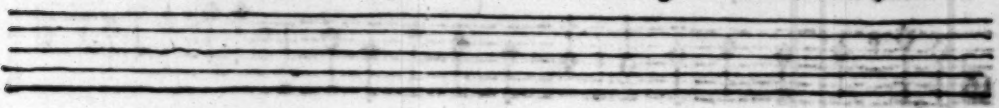
Of any greene plant y grew vnder the skye. For my refuge no better shade dyd



espie, of any greene plant that grew vnder the skye, that grew vnder the



skie, Of a-ny greene plant that grew vnder the skie, that grew vnder the sky.



B.



Of 5.

II. CANTVS.

Battista Mosto.

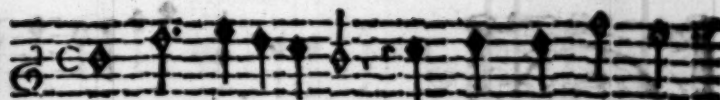
**S**weetly pleasing singest thou, lovely sheper- dis, like a  
 Cordiall pear- sing, :||: Thou bringest, y bringest a world of blisse,  
 Stretch forth thy nimble ioynts & finely foote it, For y shalt weare y gar-  
 land, & daũce before vs, whilst y the bagpipe toot it: and daũce before vs, whilst &c.  
 Strew Roses, Vio- lets, Lillis, Cowslips & Daf- fa-dil- lis, What  
 meanes my loue, :||: thus to chage, with hir hands wringing, :||:  
 Help als shee faints, for verie grief she foundeth, :||: the more she  
 morneth, the more my care aboun- derth. For verie grieve she foundeth, :||:  
 The more shee morneth, the more my care aboundeth. the &c.

Of 5.

III. CANTVS.

83

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



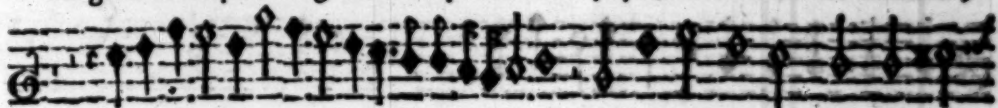
Thinck that if the hills, the plaines and mountaines,



And woods and waters knew the great distemper, knew



the great distemper, the great distemper, Of this my lyfe, it should not bee concealed,



:||:

But thorow such by pathes, and fau-



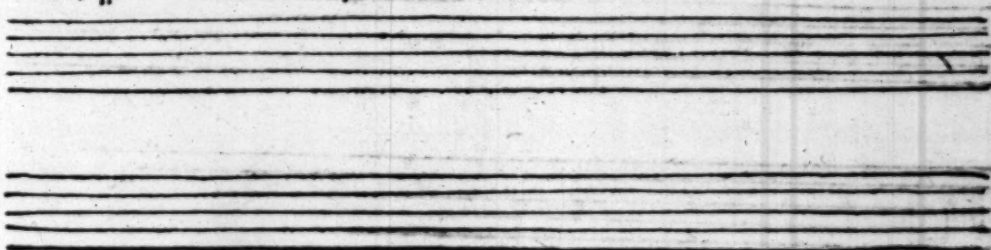
uage fountains, and faunge fountaines, I know not how to search for trew loue sem-



per, That by reason, :||: each one may bee reuea- led. That by rea-



son, :||: each one may bee reuea- led.





One louers foorth, :: addresse you to admyer, ad-



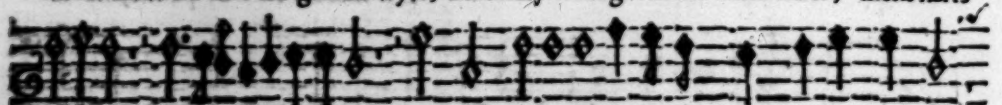
dressse you to admyer, to admyer, Come louers foorth, ::



addresse you to admyer, addresse you to admyer, to admyer, At hir



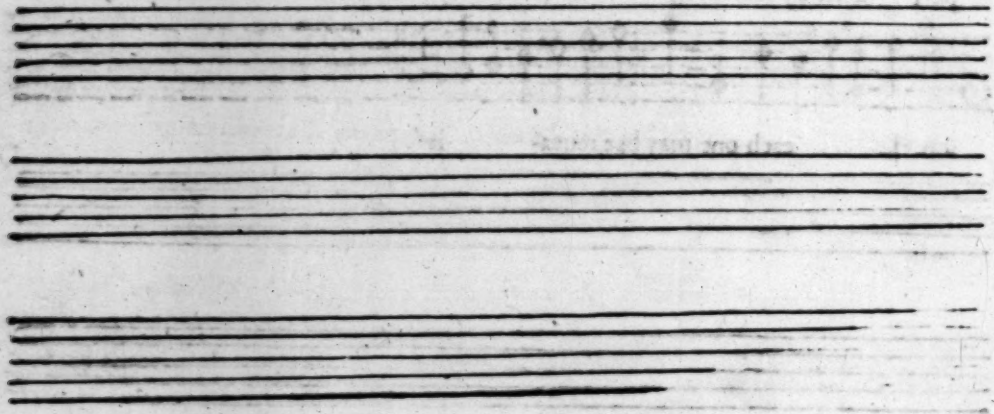
whose locks are like the golden wyer, Curiously wrought to set mens harts, mens harts



on fyer. :: mens harts on fyer. Curiously wrought to set mens harts



mens harts on fyer, :: mens harts on fyer.





Of 5.

V. CANTVS.

85  
Rugiero Giomelli.



Oe Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in greene and



youthfully she shows it, :||:

youthfully she



showes it :||:

Harts grieve none fees, but shee that soundly knowes it, My



hart will break in sunder, :||:

And daunt my fences, more then boults of



Thunder, Rest sweet-ly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when he lies slee-



ping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping, :||:

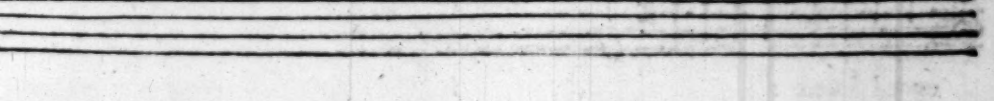
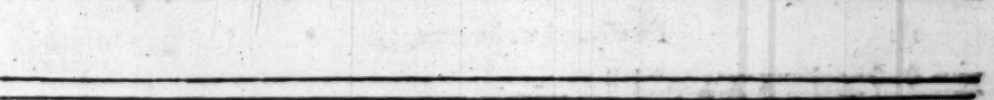
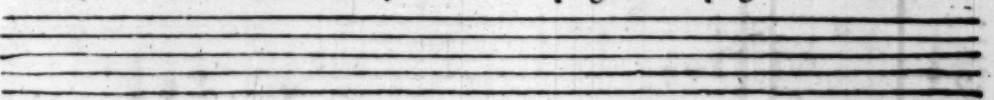
in his keeping, :||:

which



causeth mee to wake when hee lyes slee-

ping. lies sleeping.



Of. VI. CANTVS. Rugiero Giovanelli.



S I walked, :||: in greene

Forrest, as I walked, :||:

in greene Forrest, Among the wilde beafts, I fodainely bee thought

mee, Among the wilde beafts, I fodainely be thought mee, of strange and most rare

iefts, for hir that sought mee, :||: for hir that sought mee : But my mynde

yeekles mee no rest, Nor can I con- ster certainly, what vilde monster, v-

surping in my rest- lesse fences, So strangely moued, deadly to hate hir now

:||: Deadly to hate hir now, :||: whom

once I loved. :||:

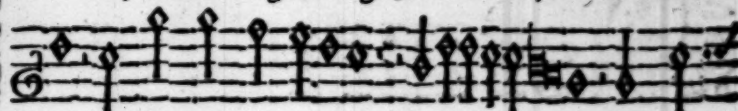
Of 5.

VII. CANTVS.

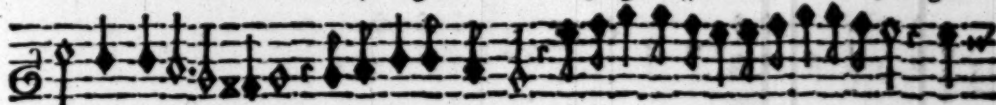
87  
Rugiero Giouanelli.



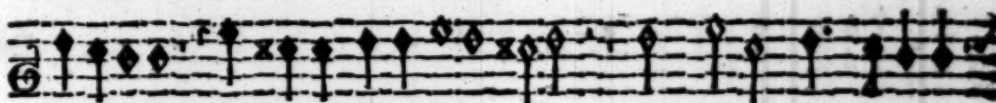
Delay breeds daunger, daunger, and how may that bee wrest-



ed, by sleight to shun delaying, :||: by sleight



to shun delay- ing, verie vile is that vice, :||: :||: c-



uer detested, Each louers sute bewray- ing, Thrice hap-pie men doe say is



that sweet wooing, :||:

Where loue may still bee noted,



:||:

:||:

where loue may still be noted, :||:



Swift in doing, :||:

Swift in dooing, :||:

Swift in dooing.





Ors.

## VIII. CANTVS.

88  
Giouanni Fretti.

Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||:



:||:

Sometime to breed my



dy- ing, My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||:



:||:

Sometime to breed my dy-

ing, Slay mee, :||:



slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee,



:||:

yet your flight shall not destroy

me. :||:



slay mee, :||: slay mee :||: slay me, :||: slay mee :||: flye mee, flye mee,



fly me, :||:

yet your flight shall not destroy

me. :||:



Of 5.

IX: CANTVS.

89.  
Horacio Vecchi.



Oe not trem- ble but stand fast,



deare hart and faint not, Hope well, haue well, my sweeting,



my sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly gree- ting, :||:



Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, :||: Loe thy



true loue, :||: saluts thee, loe thy true lone, :||: saluts



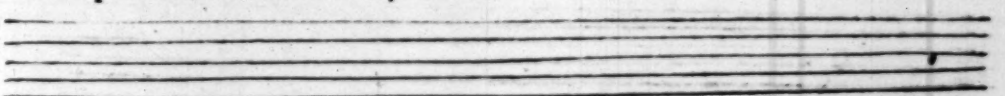
thee, Whose Ieme thou art, and so hee still reputs thee. :||:



Whose Ieme thou art, and so hee still reputs thee, and so hee



still reputs thee, and so hee still reputs thee.



Of 5.

X. CANTVS.

90  
Giulio Belli.



Arke and giue eare auertentive, you louers, fo besot-

ted, No lyfe no breath, and yet no death allotted : Phillis,

:||: fayre gaue mee a flowre, Shee of that flowre beereft mee, all

comfortlesse shee left mee, all comfort- lesse, and stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee

left mee, What pangs are these in louers, Twixt lyfe & death so struing, That

steales the hart, and giues the lyfe reui- uing. :||:



Of 5.

XI. CANTUS.

<sup>91</sup>  
Horacio Vecchi.



Ife tell mee, :||: what is the cause of each mans dying,

carefull grieffe mixt with cri-

eng ? No no hart stay thee, :||:

Let no such thought or care of mind dis-

may thee, :||:

or care of mind dismay thee, let no such thought

or care of mind dismay thee,

Sweet hart content thee, :||:

Thy cares are so great, I can but lament thee.

I can but lament thee, Thy

cares are so great, I can but la-ment thee.

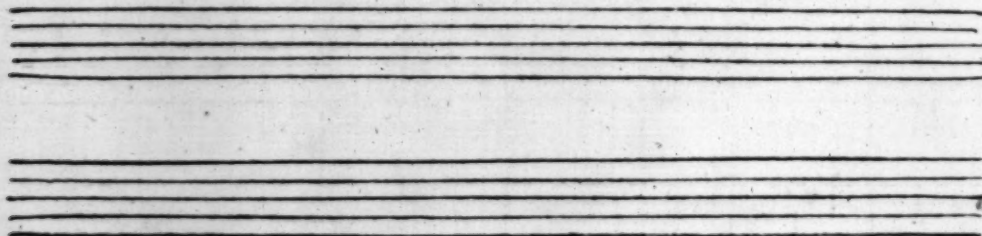
Of 5.7

XII. CANTVS.

<sup>92</sup> Allefsandro Orologio.



Oden passions, :||: with strange & rare  
tormen- ting, Increaseth grieffe, & more, it breeds my  
sorrow, The cause increast, doth bleare mine eyes with weeping, And daunts  
my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow, In this vnrestfull paine, :||:  
long must I languish, :||: long must I lan-  
guish, Till death draw neere to rid my hart frō an-  
guish. Till death draw neere to rid my hart from an- guish.



Of 5.

XIII. CANTVS.

93

Alfonso Ferabosco.



F silent, then grief torments



mee, If I

speake, your patience mo-



ueth, :||:

Hating him that loueth, :||:

Hating him that lo-



ueth, your patience mo-

ueth. But whē sweet hope appereth, My cōute-



naunce it chea-

reth, And knees in humble wise for pittie plea-

ding: That



these my lines so pen-

sue, May no way seeme

offen-



sue, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea- ding. But rather work my



ioye, by your sweet rea-

ding. But rather work my



ioye, by your sweet reading, by your sweet rea- ding.

C.iii.



Of 5.

XIIII CANTVS.

<sup>94</sup> Luca Marenzio.



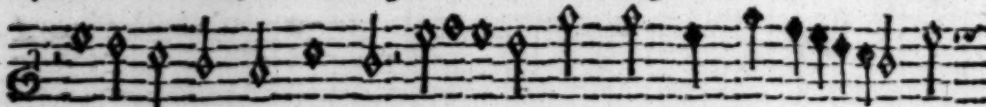
My louing sweet hart, leaue of thy mad- nesse,



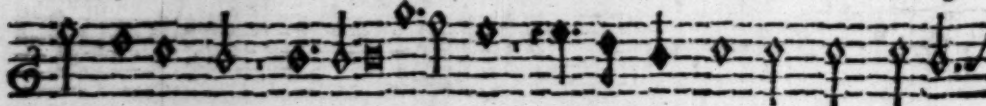
How can my woun-ded hart to lue be a-ble, That without



' your feruent loue, A- las, what grieve and sadnesse, what grieve and sad- nesse,



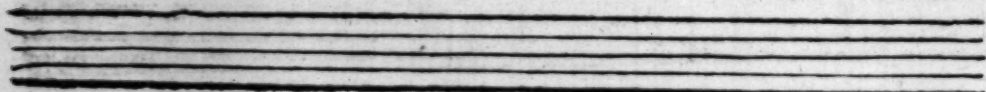
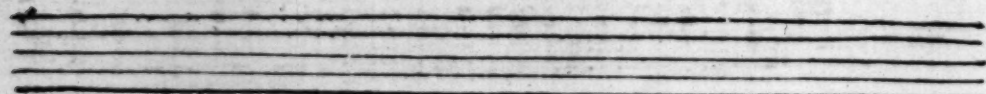
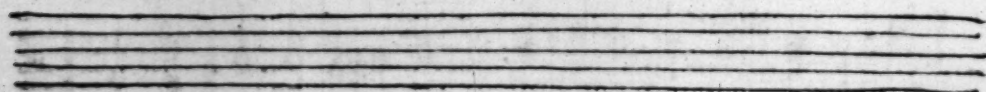
In my torments doe make mee mi-se-rable, which from mine eies doe wring



such teares & sgrones, That vnto pittie moue, the hard rocks and stones, hard rocks &



stones, rocks and stones, the hard rocks, :||: the hard rocks and stones.



Of 5.

XV. CANTVS.

95  
Alfonso Ferrabasco.



Languish to complaine mee, with gaskly griefe



tormented, ::

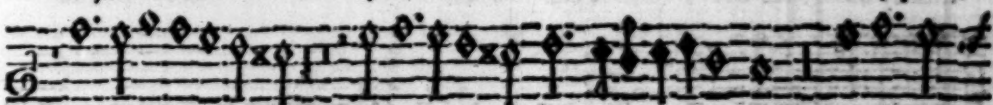
I



stand a mazed, to see you disconten- ted, I stand a mazed, :: to



see you discontented. to see you disconten- ted. Better I to hold my peace,



::

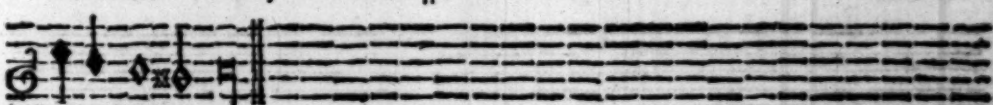
And courtly to stop my breath, And court-



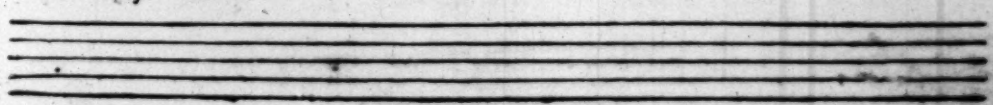
ly to stop my breath, :: Then cause my sorrows to



increase, and work my death. :: to increase, and



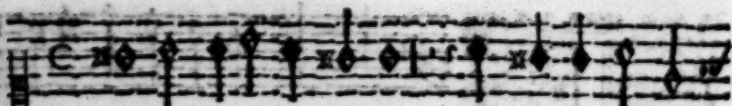
worke my death.



Ors.

XVI CANTVS.

96  
Hippolito Sabino.



Oe how my colour rangerth, And death to life ex-



chang- eth, :||:

exchaungerth, Linc thou



deceitfull, And let me linc contrary, :||:

:||:

And

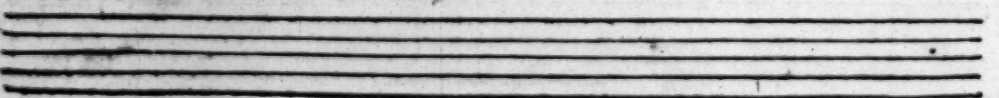
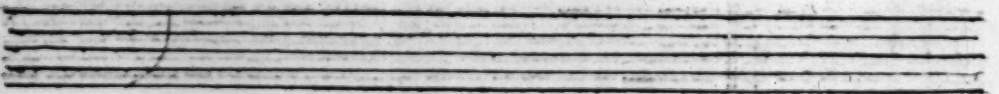
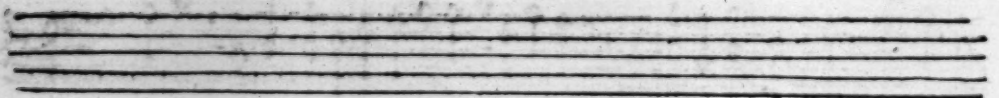
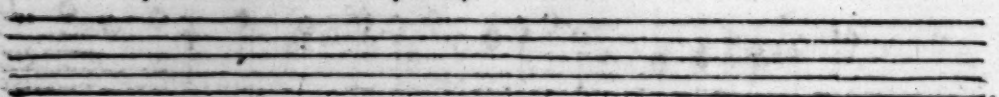


thus by lincing, wee linc both, wee linc both, :||:

In lincs wee va-



ry. in lincs wee va-ry. :||:





Of 5.

XVII.

97.  
CANTVS.



Hiris on his faire Phillis brest repo-sing, faire Phillis



brest repo- sing, Sweetly, sweetly did lan-



guish, when shee in loues sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with



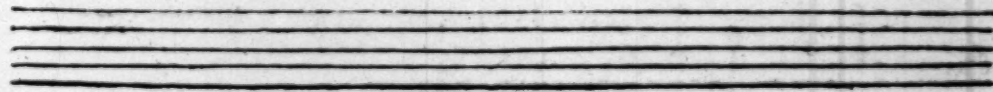
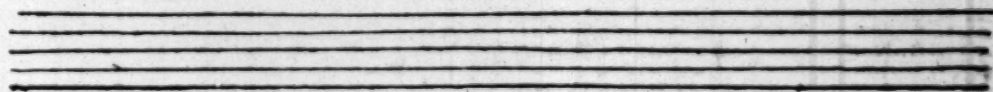
sugred glosing, Thirsis ô tell mee, thy true loue best ap-proved, Then hee



then hee which to hir hart was e-uer ne- rest, Kist hir againe and said,



Kist hir againe and said, yes yes La-dy dearest. yes yes La-dy dear-est.

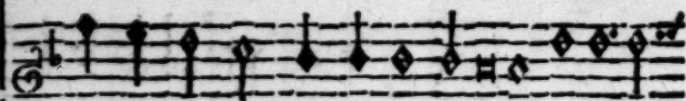


y

D



OR verie grieffe I dye, if that you shew not in



your fayre eyes, some signe of grace & pittie, For verie



grieffe I dye, if that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace and pit-



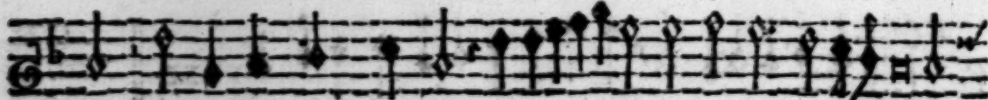
tie, Hate beares a sway so mightie, :||:

Hate beares a sway so migh-



tie, That what to doe I know not, :||:

But pine with outward an-



guish, And for your owne sweet sake, :||:

my hart doth lan- guish.



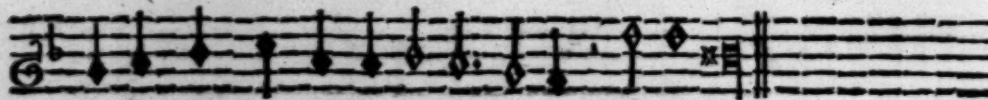
That what to doe I know not, :||:

But pine with outward anguish, And



for your owne sweet sake, :||:

my hart doth lan- guish. And



for your owne sweet sake, my hart doth languish. doth languish.



Of 5. The first part.

XIX. CANTVS.

29.  
Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, :||: sweetly doth com-



playne, :||:

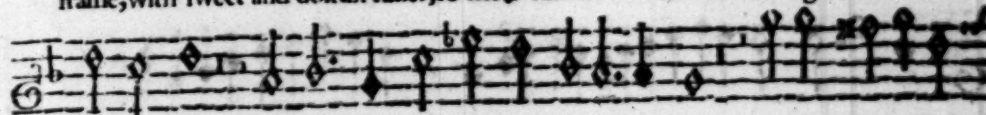
his



yong once lost, or for his louing mate, To fill the heauens and fields himself doth



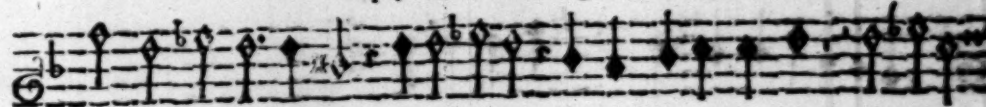
frame, with sweet and dolfull tunes, to shew his state: So all the night, to doe I



am full fayne, Remembring my hard hap, and cruell payne, :||:



and cruell payne, Remembring my hard hap, & cru- ell paine, my



hard hap, and cru-ell paine, For I a lone, am cause of all my payne, :||:



That gods might dye, I learnd to know to late. :||:



That gods might dye, I learnd to know to late.  
D.ii.



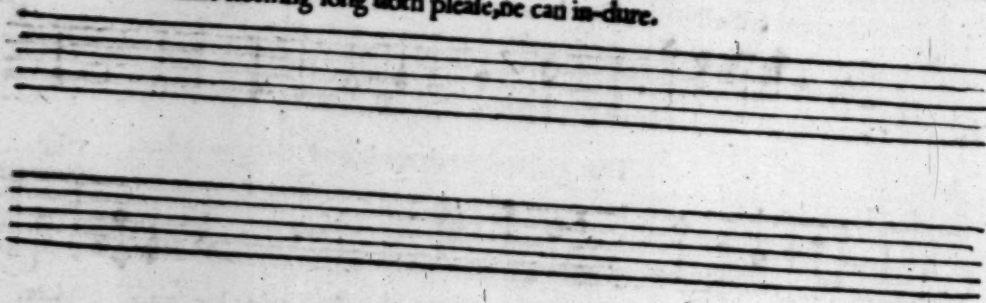
Of 5. The second part.

XX. CANTVS.

100  
Peter Phillipps.



False deceit, :||: who can himself af-  
fure, Those two faire lights aye clearer then the Sun,  
Who euer thought to see made so obscurer, :||:  
Well now I see, :||: fortune doth mee procure, to learne by prooffe  
in this case that I runne, that I runne,  
that nothing long doth please, ne can in-dure. :||:  
that nothing long doth please, ne can in-dure.



Of 5.

XXI. CANTVS.

101  
Stephano Venturi.



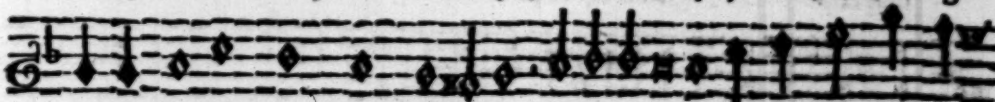
S Mop- sus went his filly flock foorth lea-



ding, By chaunce hee heard how Phe- be, ah,



complained, ah, complained, ah, complained, ah, complay- ned, And trasing



still hir steps and pathes foorth lea- ding, :: Sore then shee cried, and



sayde, shee was disdayned, Long could hee not then endu- er, ::



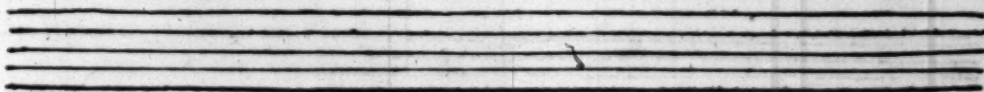
But proffered hir a false hir wound to cure. ::



But proffered hir a false hir wound to cu-



er.



Of 3.

XXII. CANTUS.

102.  
Giouanni Feretti.



Lora faire Nymph whilst fil-ly Lambs are fee-



ding, :||:

Graunt my request in spee-



ding, :||:

graunt my request in speeding, For your sweet loue my fil-ly



hart doth languish, :||:

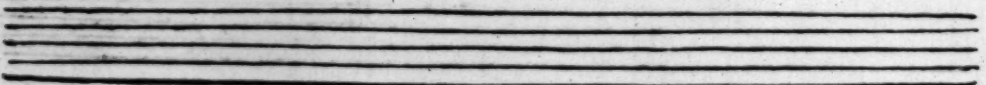
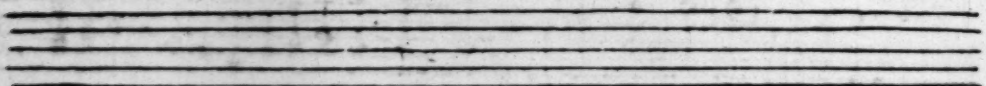
And dye I shall except you



quench the anguish For your sweet loue my filly hart doth languish, :||:



And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish.







Y sweet Lay- is, Lady mistres, :||:



Ladies, aye mee Ladies, aye mee, poore



hart, poore

hart, ah poore hart, :||:



Daily tormented, and deadly malecontented, :||:



Since thou for true loue, :||:

thalt bee so sore disgra-ced, so sore disgraced,



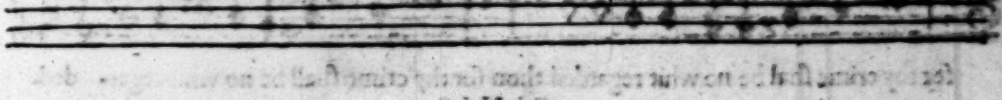
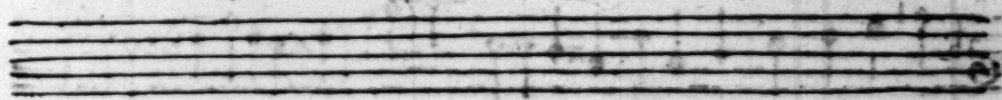
By foule enormity, in thee first pla-

ced, :||:

in thee first pla-

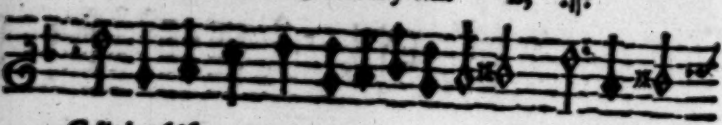


ced, By foule enormity in thee first pla-ced, in thee first placed.

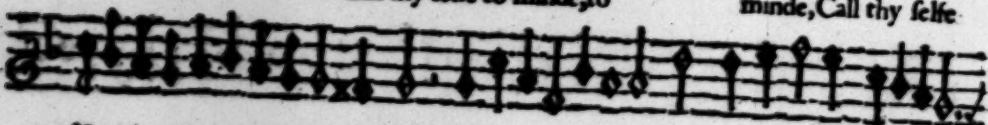




AY sweet Phillis, what thy will is, ::



Call thy selfe to minde, to minde, Call thy selfe



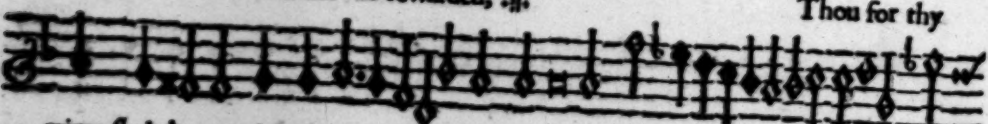
to minde, :: cease his lamenting, ::



which seeketh thy contenting, :: contenting, If



I for true loue shall bee so rewarded, :: Thou for thy



crime shalt be no whit regarded, regarged, Thou Sec.



whit regar-ded, If: I for true loue, :: for true loue shall be so rewar- ded,



Thou for thy crime shall be no whit regarded, :: Thou



for thy crime shall be no whit regarded, thou for thy crime shall be no whit regar- ded.

FINIS.



QVINTVS.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued  
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of hir Maiesties Royall  
CHAPPELL.

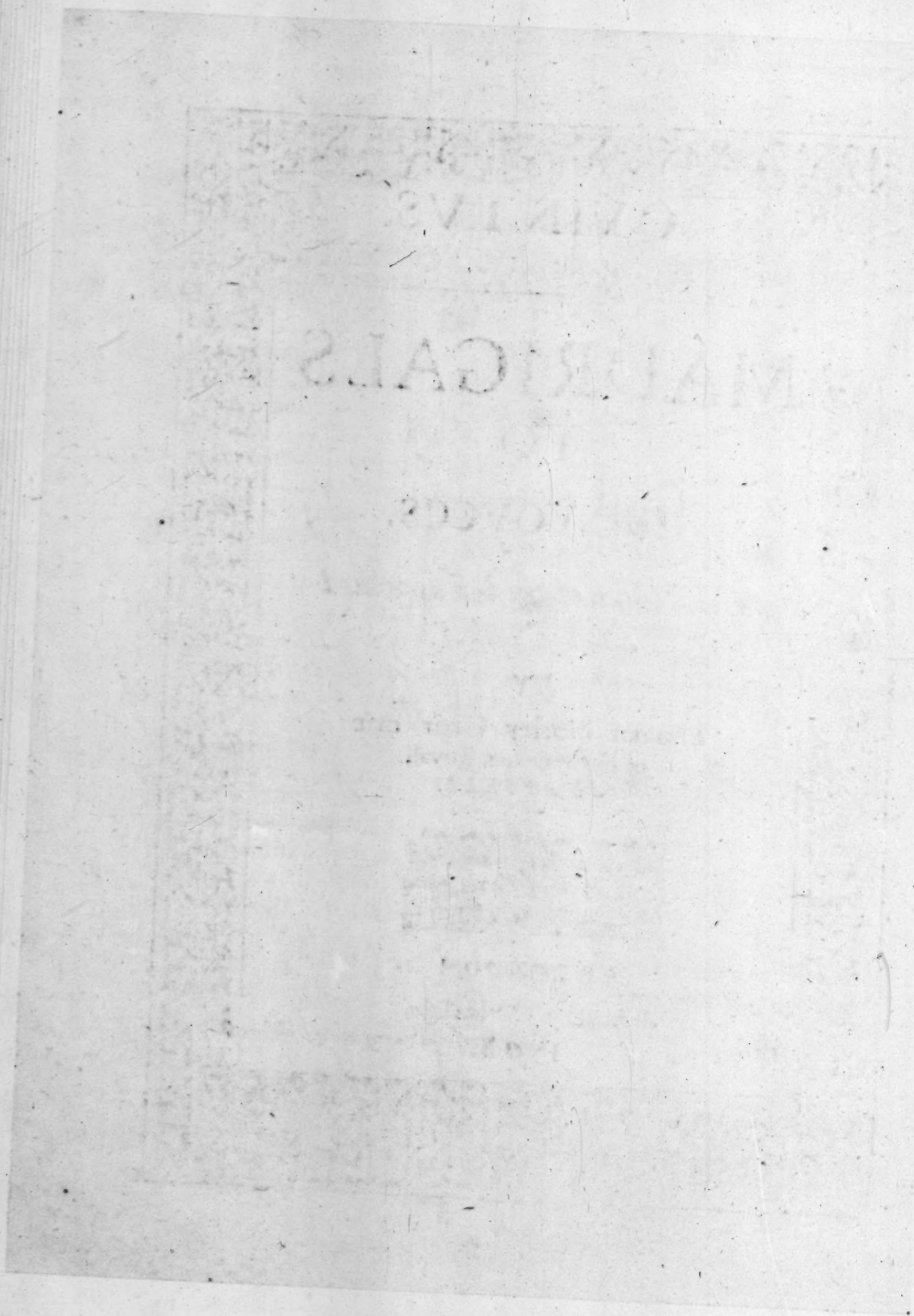


AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.





# To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



GOOD Sir, I euer held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easely tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renoumed, as in you alone, the loue thereof is becloued. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall mayntenaance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whome I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Paternie, the choyce, Mitour & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonic of well ordered signes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeuour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET.

# *The Table of all the Madrigales contained in*

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

<b>S</b> Vch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing sing. st thou.	II	Battista Mosto.
I thinck that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers forth.	IIII	Giuanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds daunger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giuanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Harke and giue care.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Allessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thirsis on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie grieft I dye,	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopsus went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII	Giuanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giuanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

*FINIS.*



Of 5.

## I. QVINTVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



Vch pleasant boughs the world yet neuer vew-

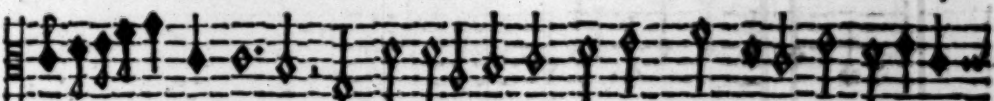


ed, ::

Nor winde did



e-uer moue, such flowers verdant, As at the first vnto my



sight were shewed, For that I seeing those hir two Lamps ardent, for my re-



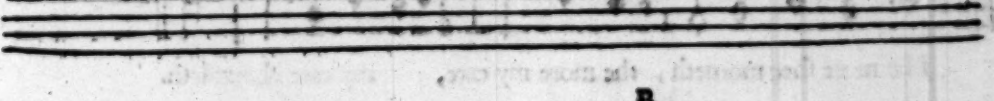
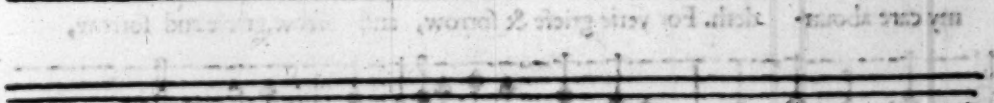
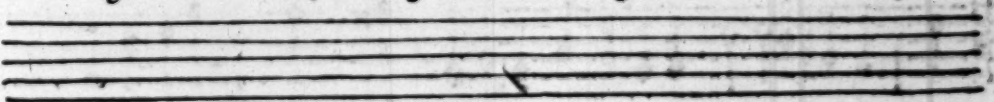
fuge no bet-ter shade I did espie, I dyd espye, Of any greene plant, that grew



vnder the skye, for my refuge no better shade I did espie, Of a-ny greene plant



that grew vnder the skye. that grew vnder, that grew vnder the skye.



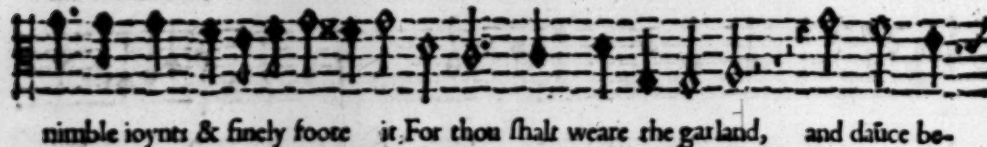
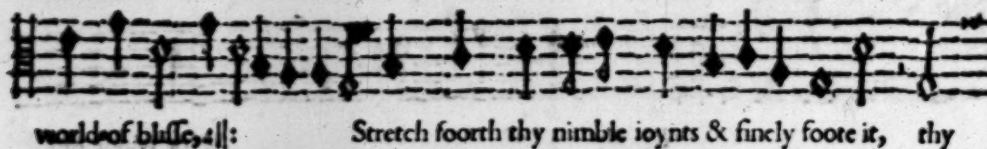
B.

A.

Of 3.

## II. QVINTVS.

Battista Mosto.





Of 3.

## III. QVINTVS

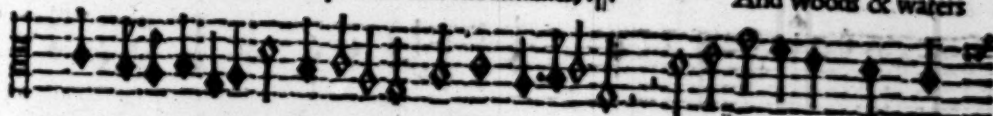
Alfonso Ferrabosco.



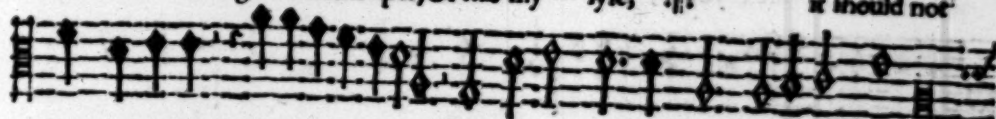
Thinck that if the hills, :||: the



plaines and mountaines, :||: And woods &amp; waters



knew the great dissem- per, Of this my lyfe, :||: it should not



bee concealed, :||: But thorow such by pathes, and faine fountains,



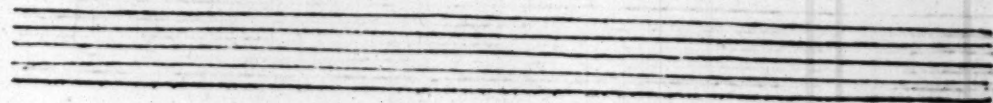
and fa-uge foun- taines, I know not how to search for trew loue semper, :||:



That by reason, :||: each one may be reuealed. That by re-



son, :||: each one may bee reuealed.



B.j.



Of 5.

## III. QVINTVS.

Giovanni Feretti.



Come louers foorth, addresse you to admyer, addresse you  
 to, addresse you to admyer, Come louers foorth, addresse you  
 to admyer, addresse you to, addresse you to admyer, At hir whose locks are like the  
 golden wyer, ::  
 Cu-riously wrought to set mens harts, on  
 fy-er, mens harts one fy- er, ::  
 Curiously wrought to  
 set mens harts on fy-er, mens harts on fy- er, Curiously wrought to set mens harts  
 on fy-er.



Of 3.

## V. QVINTVS.

Rugiero Giomelli.



Oe Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in greene and



youthfully she shows it, ::

Harts



griefe none feelles, but shee that soundly knowes it, My hart will break in sunder,



And daunt my senses more then boultis of Thunder, Rest sweetly, in his keeping,

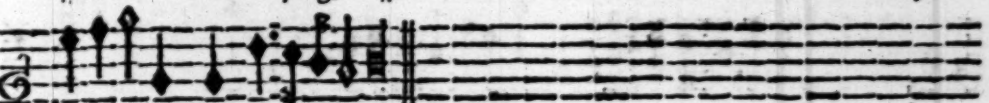


which causeth me to wake when he lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping,

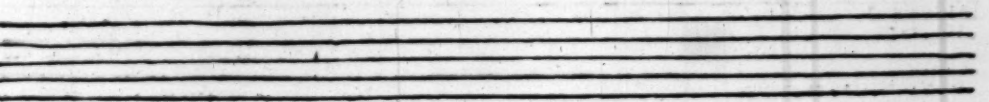
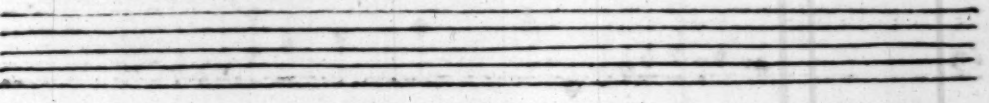


:: in his keeping, ::

which causeth mee to wake when hee lyes



slee- ping, lies slee- ping.

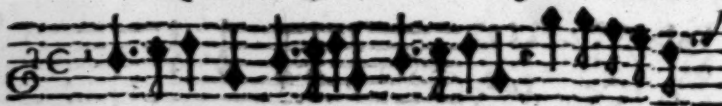


B.ij.

Of 5.

## VI. QVINTVS

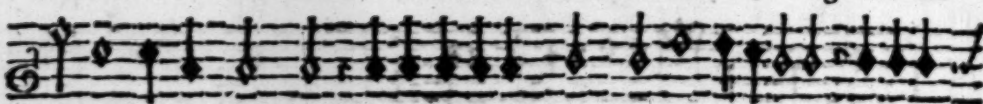
Rugiero Giouanelli.



S I walked, :||: in greene



forrest, as I walked, in greene for-



rest, Among the wilde beasts, I sodainely be thought me, Among &amp;c.



of strange and rarest iests, for hir that sought me, :||: :||:



But my mynde yeeldes mee no rest, Nor can I conster, certainly



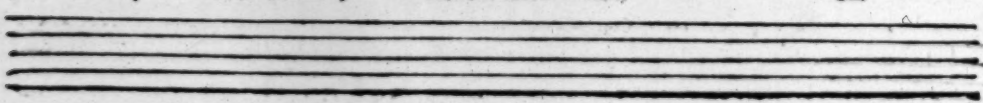
what vild monster, vsurping in my rest- lesse, fences, Deadly to hate



hir now, :||: :||: Sometime becloued,



Deadly to hate hir now, whom once I lou- ed.

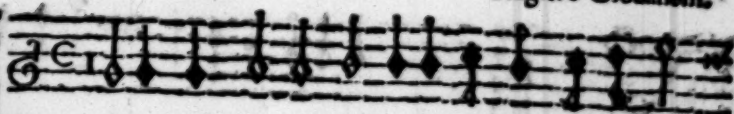




Of 5.

## VII. QUINTVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



## VIII. QUINTVS.

Giouanni Peretti.

**M** Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||:

Sometime, sometime to breed my dying,

My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||: Sometime, some-  
time to breed my dying, Slay mee, slay mee, :||: :||: flye mee, flye mee,  
flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, slay mee,  
slay mee :||: :||: slay mee, slay mee, :||: :||: flye mee, flye mee, flye  
me, flye me, flye me, yet your flight shall not destroy mee. yet your flight shall  
not destroy mee.

Of 5.

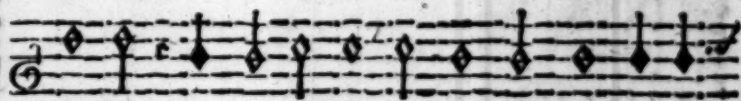
## IX. QVINTVS

Horacio Vecchi.



Oe not trem-

ble but



stand fast, deare hart and faint not, Hope well, haue well, my



sweeting, my sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly greeting, so



thee with friendly greeting, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, ::|:



Loe thy true loue, ::|:

saluts

thee, loe thy true loue ::|:



loe thy true loue saluts thee, Whose Ieme thou art, and so he still reputs thee. re-



puts thee.

Whose Ieme thou art and so he still

reputs thee, hee



still reputs thee, and so he still reputs thee, and so hee still reputs thee.



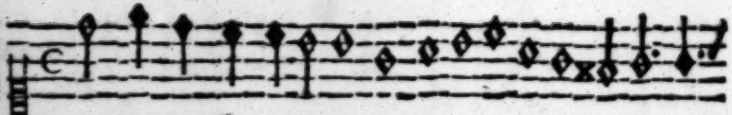
C.



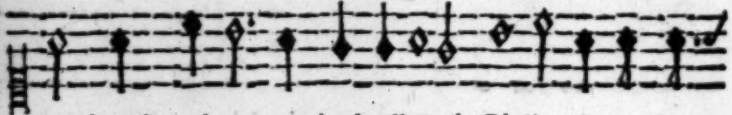
Of 5.

X. QVINTVS.

Giulio Belli.



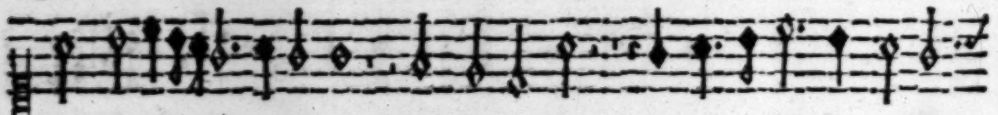
Arke and giue eare auctentiu, you louers so besot-red, No lyfe



no breath, and yet no death allotted : Phillis, :||: fayre



gate mee a flow- er, wherein my hart was lodged, In a strong towre, shee of that



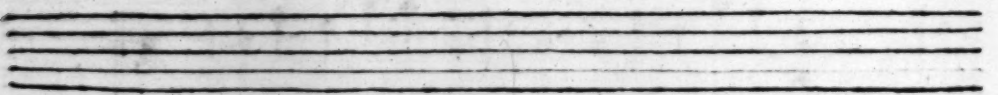
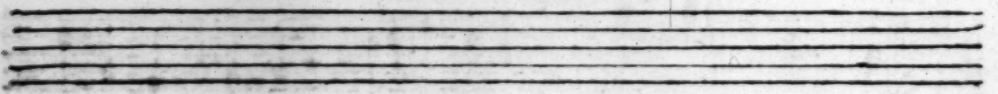
flowre beereft mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee left mee,



:||: Twixt lyfe and death so struing, That steales the hart and



giues the lyfe reuiuing. That steales the hart, and giues the lyfe reui- uing.



Of 5.

## XI. QVINTVS.

Horacio Vecchi.



Ife tell mee :||: what is the cause of  
 each mans dy- ing, carefull grieft mixt with cri- eng t  
 No no hart stay thee, :||: Let no fuch thought or care of mind difmay  
 thee, or care of mind difmay thee, Let no fuch thought or care of mind difmay  
 thee, Sweet hart content thee, :||: Thy cares are fo great, I can  
 but lament thee. :||: I can but lament thee, Thy cares are fo  
 great, I can but lament thee.

Of 5.

## XII. QVINTVS.

Alessandro Orologio.



Oden passions, :||: with strange and rare tor-  
menting, :||: Increaseth grief, &  
more, it breeds my sorrow, The cause increaseth doth beare mine eyes with wee-  
ping, :||: And daunt my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow,  
In this vncrestfull paine, :||: long must I lan-  
guish, long must I lan- guish, I languish, Till death draw neere to  
rid my heart from anguish. Till death draw neere to rid my hart from  
an- guish.



Of 5.

## XIII. QVINTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



F si-lent, then grieve torments mee, If I  
 speak, your patience mo- ueth, If I speake, your  
 patience moueth, :: Hating him that loueth, ::  
 your wrath preuents mee. But when sweet hope appe- reth, My  
 countenance it chea-reth, And knees in humble sute for pittie plea-  
 ding: That these my lines, :: so pen- siue, my lynes so pensiuē, May  
 no way seeme offensiue, But rather work my ioye, by your sweet rea- ding, by  
 your sweet rea- ding. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading, by  
 your sweet rea- ding. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet reading. dy Sec.

C.iii.

Of 5.

## XIII. QUINTVS.

Luca Maranzio.



My louing : Leauē of thy mad-nessē, How can my wound-ded



hart to lue be a-ble, A-las, what griefe and sadnesse, :||:



In my torments doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble, Which from mine eies,



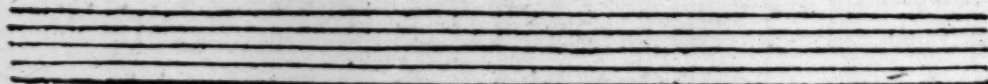
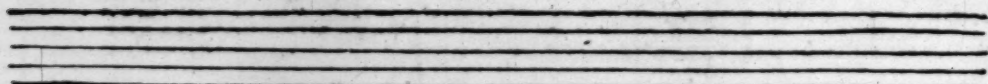
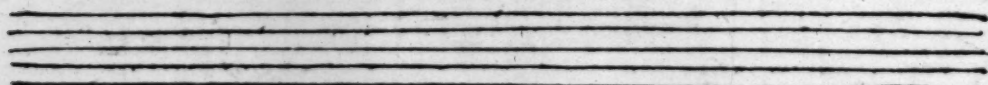
:||: doe wring such teares &amp; grones, That vn-to pit-tie moue, pit-tie



moue, the hard rocks and stones. :||: :||: that vn-



to pit-tie moue, the hard rocks, the hard rocks and stones.



Of 5.

## XV. QVINTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



Languish to complaine mee, with gasty griefe tee-  
 men- ted, :||: tormen-  
 ted, tormented, I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, :||:  
 to see you discontented, Better I to hold my peace, :||:  
 and couertly to stop my breth, :||:  
 and co- uertly to stop my breth, :||: stop my  
 breth, Then caule my for- rowes to increafe, and work my death. Then &c.  
 and worke my death.



Of 5.

## XVI. QUINTVS.

Hippolito Sabino.



Oe how my colourangeth, :::

And



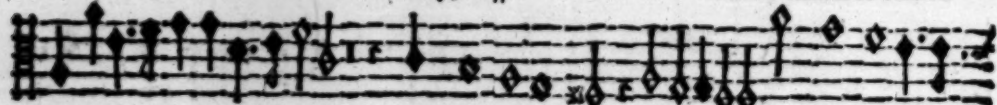
death to life exchaungeth, exchaung-eth, :::

Live thou



de-ceitfull, And let mee live contrary, :::

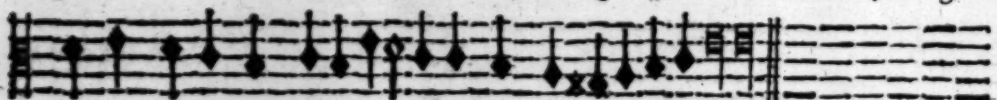
and let mee live contra-



ry, :::

And thus by li-ving, :::

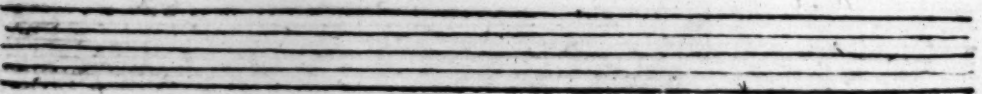
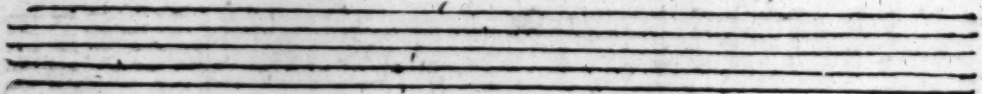
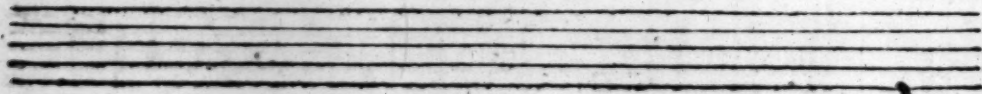
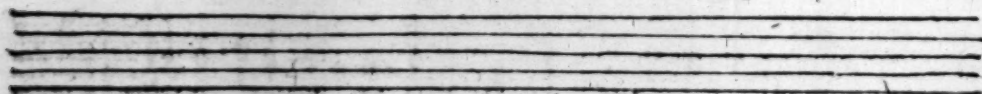
and thus by living,



wee live both, In liues contra-

ry, in liues contra-

ry.



Of 3.

XVMD

QVINTVS.



Hiris, on his faire Phillis brest re- po- sing, Sweet-



ly, sweetly did lan-

guish, when free



in loues sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with sugred glosing, This is o



tell mee, tell

mee, thy true loue best ap- proued, art not thou my be- loued, Then



hee, :::

which to his hart was e-uer ne-

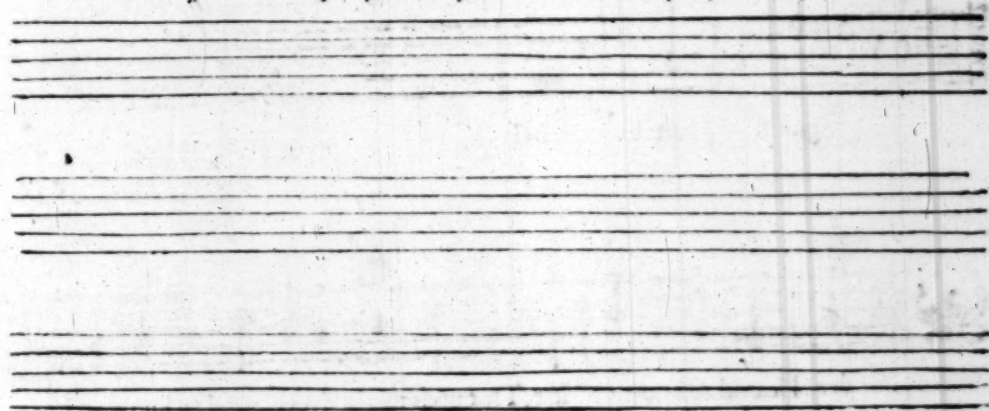
rest, Kist hir againe &amp; said, :::



:::

yes yes Lady dea-

rest. yes yes La- dy dea- rest.



Of 5.

## XVIII. QVINTVS.

Rugiero Gionanelli.



OR verie grieffe I dye, if that you shew not in  
 your faire eies, some signe of grace & pit- tie, For verie  
 grieffe I dye, in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace and pittie, Hate beares a sway  
 so mightie, :||: :||: That what to doe I know  
 not, And for your owne sweet sake, my hart doth languish. That what to doe I  
 know not, :||: But pine with outward anguish, my hart doth lan-  
 guish. my hart doth languish.

dye, I learned to know to late, That gods might dye, I learned to know to late.



Of 5. The first part.

## XIX. QVINTVS.

Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, :||: sweetly doth cōplaine,

:||:

That sweetly,



sweetly doth cōplaine, :||:

his yong once lost, :||:

or for his

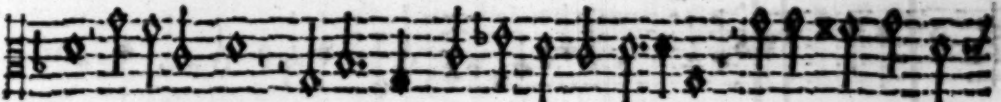


louing mate, :||:

To fill the heauens &amp; fields himselfe doth frame, with



sweet and dolfull tunes, to shew his state: So all the night, to dooe I am full



faine, I am full faine, Remembring my hard hap, and cruell fate, Remembring my hard



hap, :||:

and cru-ell fate, Remembring my hard hap and cruell fate,



For I a lone, am cause of all my paine, :||:

That gods might



dye, I learned to know to late, :||:

That gods might

D.ii.

Of 5. The second part.

XX. QVINTVS.

Peter Phillipps.

Fasse de- ceit, who can himself af-  
 fure, himfelfe affure, Those two faire lights. aye clearer then y  
 Sun, :||: Who euer thought to see made so obscure, who euer  
 thought to see made so obscure, so obscure, well now I see Fortune doth me pro-  
 cure, Fortune doth mee procure, to learne, to learne by prooffe in this cafe that I  
 runne, that I runne, that I runne, that I runne, that nothing  
 long doth please, ne can indure. :||: ne can indure.  
 that nothing long doth please, ne can in-dure. :||:

Of 5.

## XXI. QVINTVS.

Stephano Venturi.



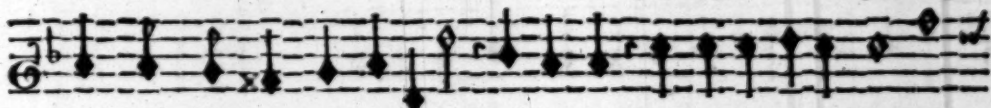
S Mop- sus went his filly flock foorth leading,



By chaunce hee heard how Phe- be,



by chaunce hee hard how Phe- be, ah, complayning, ah, complayning,



by chaunce hee heard how Phebe, ah, complayning, And trasing still hir steps and



pathes foorth leading, :::

Sore then shee cried, and sayd, shee was dis-



dayned, Long could he not then en-du-er, :::

Long could he not



then enduer, :::

en- duer, But proffered hir a salue, hir



wound to cu- er.

But proffered hir a salue, hir wound to cu-



er.

D.iii.



Of 5.

## XXII. QVINTVS.

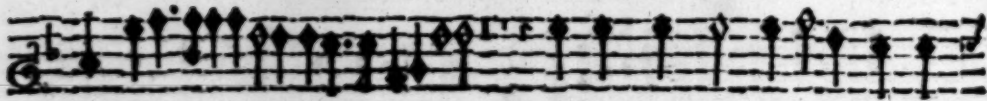
Giouanni Eeretti.



Lora faire Nimphe. whilst fil-ly Lambs are feeding,



fil-ly Lambes are feeding, Graunt my request in spee-



ding, ::

::

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth



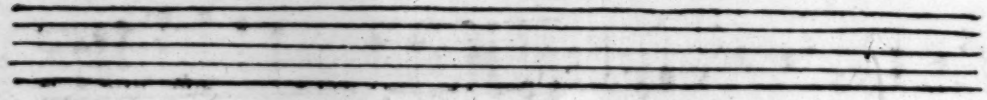
languish, And dye I shall except you quench the anguish. ::



For your sweet sake my fil-ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you



quench the Anguish. ::



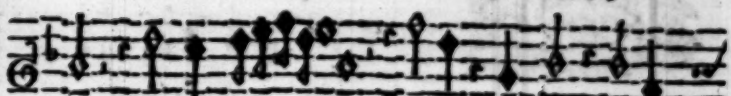
Of 5.

## XXII. QVINTVS.

Gionanni di Macque.



Y sweet Lay- is, Lady mistres, :||:



La-dy mist- res, Layis, aye mee Layis,



aye mee, ah poore

hart, ah poore

hart, ah



poore hart, :||:

Dayly tormented, As one still discontented,



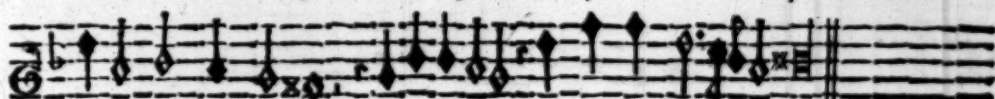
Since thou for true loue, :||:

true loue, shalt bee so sore, so sore disconten-



ted, By foule enormi-ty, in thee first pla-ced, :||:

By foule enormi-



tie, in thee first pla-ced, :||:

in thee first pla-

ced.



Of 5.

## XXIII. QUINTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



AY sweet Phil- lis, :||: what thy will



is, Call thy selfe to minde, Call thy



selfe to minde, :||: cease his lamen- ting, :||: which



seeketh thy contenting, :||: :||: If I for true loue



shall, :||: be so rewarded, If I for true loue, shall be so rewar-



ded, Thou for thy crime shalt be no whit regarded. :||:



Thou for thy cryme shalt be no whit regarded, :||: If I for



true loue, shal bee so rewarded, be so rewarded, :||: Thou for thy crime shalt



bee no whit re- gar-ded, regarded. :||: no whit regarded.

FINIS.



3  
63  
ALTVS.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued  
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of hir Maiesties Royall  
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.  
1598.



# To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

KNIGHT.



**G**OOD Sir, I euer held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easely tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renoumed, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beeloued. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall mayntenaance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whome I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Paterne, the choyce, Mirtour & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well ordered designes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endenour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauels.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLEY.



# *The Table of all the Madrigales contained in*

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

**S** Vch pleasant boughes.  
Sweetly pleasing singest thou.  
I thinck that if the hills.  
Come louers forth.  
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.  
As I walked.  
Delay breeds daunger.  
My Ladie still abhors mee.  
Doe not tremble.  
Harke and giue care.  
Life tell mee.  
Soden passions.  
If silent.  
O my louing sweet hart.  
I languish to complaine mee.  
Loe how my colour rangeth.  
Thirsis on his faire Phillis.  
For verie grieft I dye.  
The Nightingale. The first part.  
O false deceit. The second part.  
As Mopsus went.  
Flora faire Nimphe.  
My sweet Lavis.  
Say sweet Phillis.

I Alfonso Ferabosco.  
II Battista Mosto.  
III Alfonso Ferabosco.  
IIII Giouanni Feretti.  
V Rugiero Giouanelli.  
VI Rugiero Giouanelli.  
VII Rugiero Giouanelli.  
VIII Giouanni Feretti.  
IX Horacio Vecchi.  
X Giulio Belli.  
XI Horacio Vecchi.  
XII Alessandro Orologio.  
XIII Alfonso Ferabosco.  
XIIII Luca Merenzio.  
XV Alfonso Ferabosco.  
XVI Hippolito Sabino.  
XVII  
XVIII Rugiero Giouanelli.  
XIX Peter Phillips.  
XX Peter Phillips.  
XXI Stephano Venturi.  
XXII Giouanni Feretti.  
XXIII Giouanni di Macque.  
XXIIII Alfonso Ferabosco.

*FINIS.*

**Alfonso Ferabosco.**



**B...**

Of 5.

## II. ALTVS.

Battista Motta.



Sweetly plea- sing singest thou, lovely she-  
 perdis, like a Cordiall pear- sing, Thou bringst a world, thou bringst a world  
 of blisse, Stretch forth thy nimble ioynts & finely foote it, For thou shalt weare  
 the gar- land, & dance before vs, whilst that the bagpipe toot it: ||:  
 Strew Roses, Violets, Lillis, Cowslips & Daffadillis, But aye me, in the  
 midst of mirth & singing, What means my loue thus to chage, with hir hands wringing,  
 Help alas shee faints, for verie grief she soundeth: ||: the more she  
 morn- eth, the more my care aboundeth. ||: For verie griefe she soundeth,  
 ||: The more she morn- eth, the more my care aboundeth. ||:



Of 5.

III. ALTUS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



Thinck that if the hilly, the plaines and mountaines,

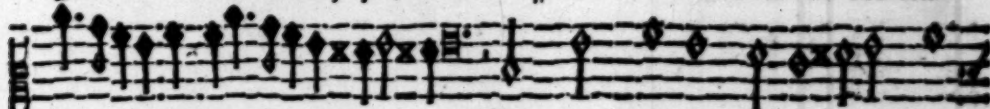


And woods and waters knew the great distemper, :||:



Of this my lyfe, it should :||:

it should not bee con-



cea- led, :||:

But thorow such by pathes, & fange foun-

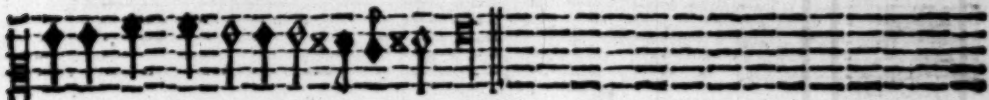


tains, I know not how to search for trew loue semper, :||:



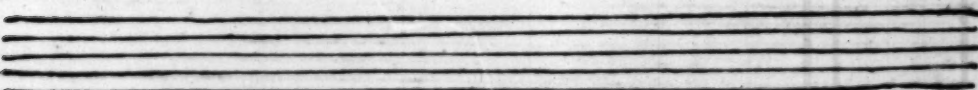
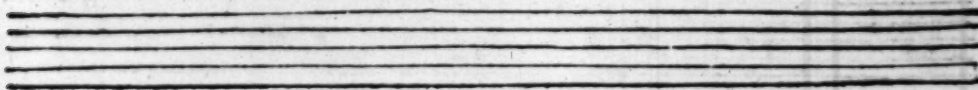
That by reason, :||:

each one may bee reuea- led. That by reason, :||:



each one may bee reuea-

led.



B.ii.

Of 3.

## IIII. ALTUS.

Giouanni Feretti.



Ome louers foorth addresse you to ad-my-er, :||:



addresse you to ad-mi-er, Come louers foorth ad-



resse you to admyer, :||:

addresse you to ad-my-er, At hir whose



locks are like the golden wyer, :||:

Cu-riously wrought to set



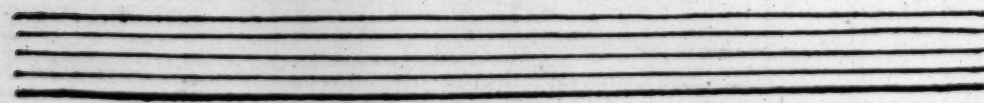
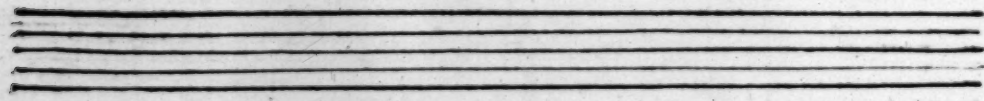
mens harts, :||:

on fy-er. Curiously wrought to set mens harts on



fy-er, :||:

Curiously wrought to set mens harts on fy-er, :||:



Of 5.

V. ALTVS. IV

Rugiero Giomelli.

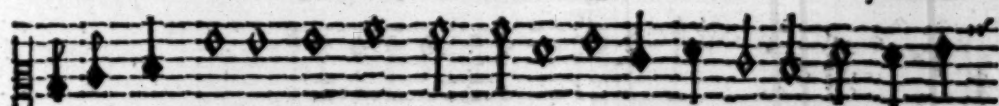


Oe Ladies where my Loue comes, all clad in greene and



youthfully she shewes it, :||:

youthful-



ly she shewes it, harts grieve none feelles, but shee that soundly knows it, My hart will

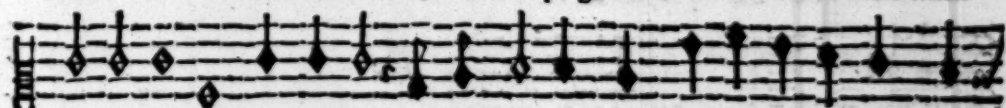


breake in sunder, :||:

And daunt my senses more then boults of



Thun- der, Rest sweet life, in his keeping, which causeth thee to wake when



hee lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, in his keeping, which causeth thee to wake when



hee lies slee- ping, Rest sweetly, in his keeping, :||:

:||:

in his



keeping, :||:

which causeth thee to wake when he lies slee-

ping.



Of 5.

VL ALTS.

Rugiero Giottanelli.



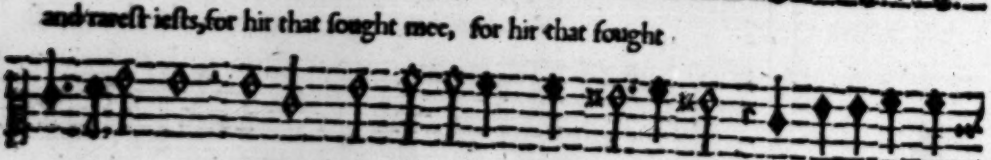
S I walked, :||: as I walked, :||:



in greene Forrest, Among the wilde beasts, I sodaine-



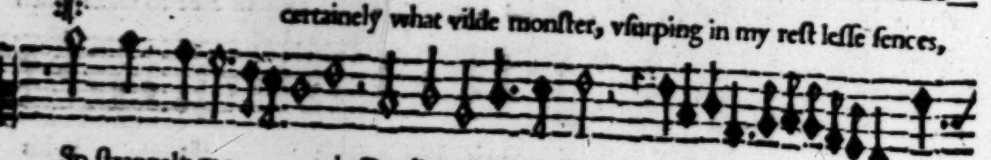
ly be thought me, Among the wilde beasts, I sodainely be thought mee, of strange



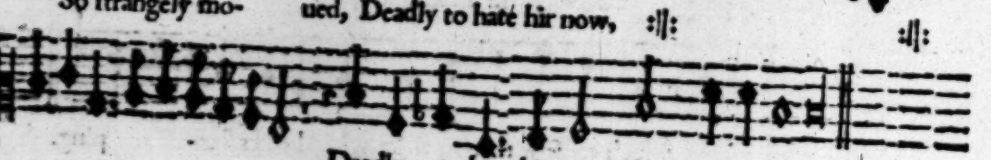
and sweet iests, for hir that sought mee, for hir that sought



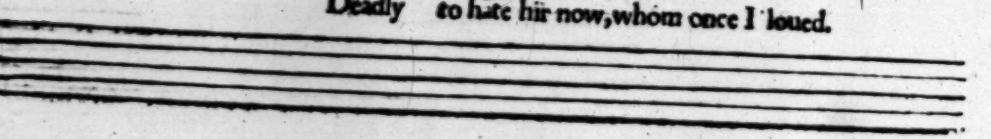
mee: But my mynde, :||: yeeldes mee no rest, Nor can I conster,



certainly what wilde monster, vsurping in my rest lesse fences,



So strangely mo- ued, Deadly to hate hir now, :||:



Deadly to hate hir now, whom once I loued.

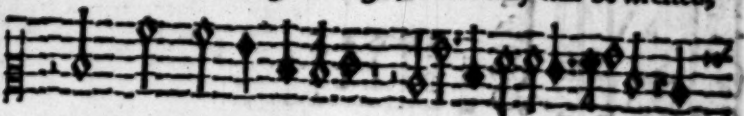
Of 5.

## VII. ALTUS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



Flay breeds danger, danger, & how may that be wrested,



by flaight to shun delaying, :||:

:||:



verie vile is that vice, :||:

:||:

e-uer de-tested,

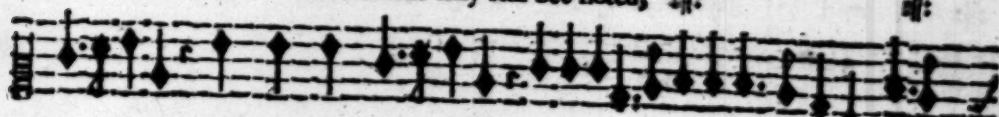


Each louers sute bewraying, Thrice happie men doe say is that sweet wooing, :||:



Where loue may still bee noted, :||:

:||:



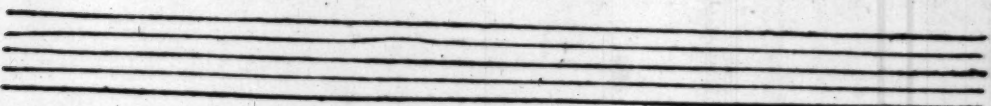
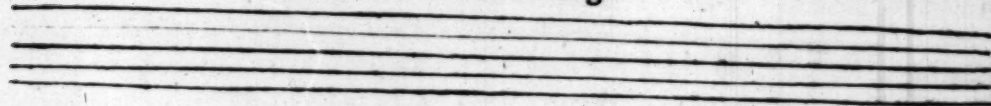
where loue may still be noted, :||:

Swift in doing, :||:



Swift in dooing, :||:

Swift in dooing.



Ofs.

VIEL ALT VS.

Giouanni Feretti.



Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||:

:||:

Sometime to

breed my dying, My Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying, :||:

:||:

Sometime to breed my dying, Slay mee, :||: slay mee

:||: slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your

flight shall not destroy mee, slay mee, :||: slay mee :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee

slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: slay mee, flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, yet your

flight shall not destroy mee. yet your flight shall not destroy mee.



Of 5.

IX. ALTUS.

Horacio Vecchi.

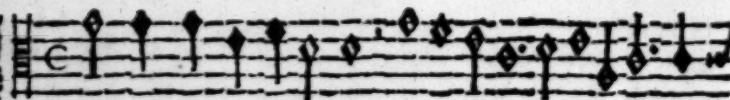


Oe not trem- ble but stand fast, deare  
hart and faint not, Hope well, haue well, my sweeting, my  
sweeting, Loe where I come to thee with friendly greeting, Now ioyne with  
mee, thy hand fast, :: Loe thy true loue saluts thee, loe thy  
true loue, :: saluts thee, Whose Ieme thou art, and so he still reputs  
thee. :: Whose Ieme thou art, and so he still reputs thee,  
hee still reputs thee, and so he still reputs thee, and so hee still reputs thee.

Of 7.

X. ALTUS.

Giulio Belli.



Arke and giue care auertentue, you louers so beforted, No lyfe



no breath, and yet no death al-lot- ted : Phillis, :||:



fayre gaue mee a flowre, wherein my hart was lodged, as in a strong towre, shee of that



flowre beereft mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee lost mee, :||:



:||:

what pangs are these in louers, Twixt lyfe &amp; death so sti-



uing, That steales the hart and giues the lyfe reuiving. That steales the hart, and



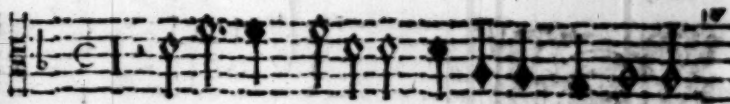
giues the lyfe reuiving.



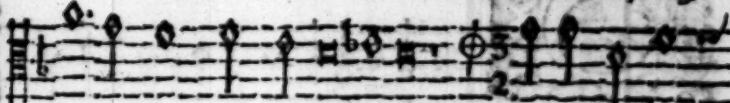
Of 5.

XI. ALTUS.

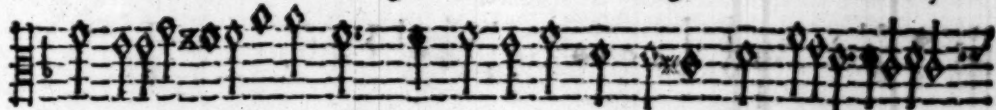
Horacio Vecchi.



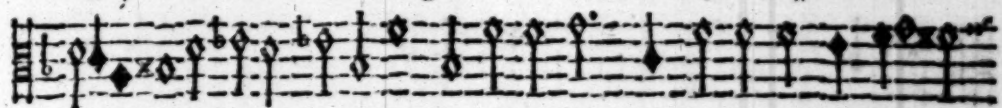
Ife tell mee what is the cause of each mans dy- ing,



carefull grieft mixt with cri- eng t No no hart stay



thee, :||: Let no fuch thought or care of mind dif-may thee, :||:



or care of mind difmay thee, let no fuch thought or care of mind dif- may



thee, Tell mee life, tell mee life how griefe killeth or how it woundeth, when it



fo fore aboundeth, a-boundeth, :||:

Sweet hart content thee, :||:

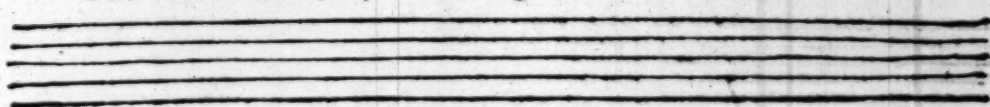


Thy cares are fo great, I can but lament thee. :||:

great



I can but lament thee, Thy cares are fo great, I can but la-ment thee.

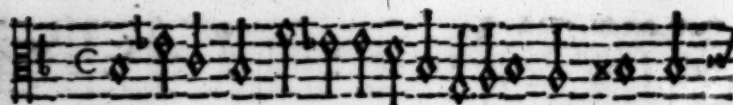




OF 5.

## XII. ALTUS.

Alessandro Orologio.



Oden passions, :||:

:||:

with strange &amp;



rare tormen-ting, :||:

Increaseth grief, &amp;



more, it breeds my sorrow, :||:

The cause increaseth, doth



bleare mine eyes with weeping,

In this vnrestfull paine, :||:

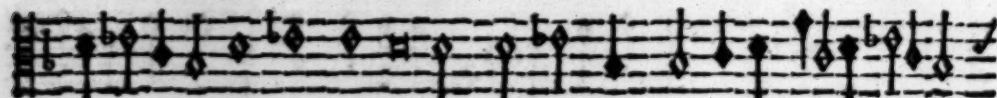
long



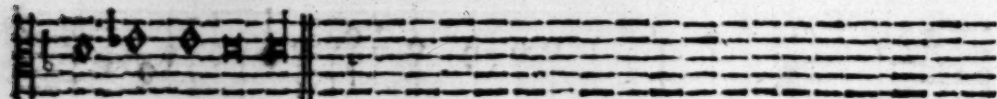
must I lin-

guish, :||:

Till death draw neere to rid, :||:



my heart from anguish. Till death draw neere to rid, :||:



my heart from anguish.



Of 5.

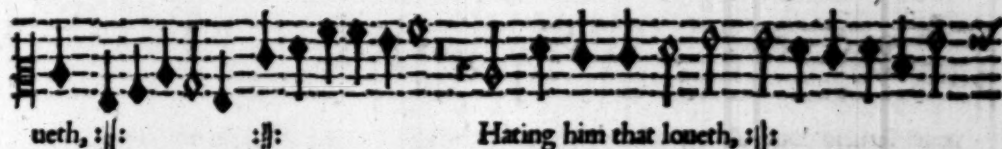
## XIII. VLTVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



F silent, then grieve torments

mee, tor- ments mee, If I speake, your patience mo-



ueth, ::

::

Hating him that loueth, ::



your patience mo-

ueth. But whē sweet hope appereth, My countenance it



chea-

reth, And knees in humble wise for pie-

tie plea-



ding: That these my lines so pen-

sue, so pen-

sue,



May no way seeme offen-

sue,

But rather work my ioye, ::



::

by your sweet reading. But rather work my ioye, by your sweet



reading, But rather work my ioye, by your

sweet rea- ding.

Cm.

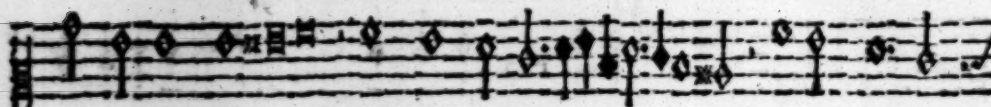
Of 3.

## XIII. ALTUS.

Luca Marenzio.



How can my woun-ded hart to lue be a-ble, That without



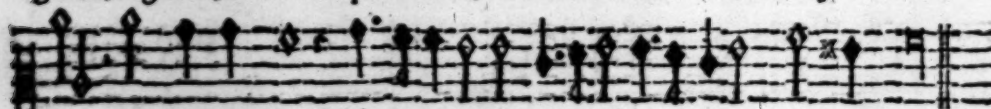
your feruent loue, A-las, what grieve and sad-ness, In my torments



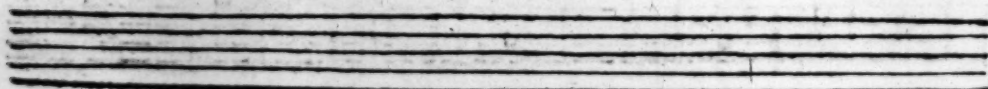
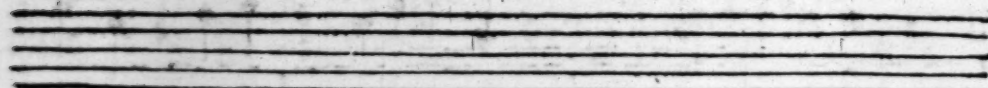
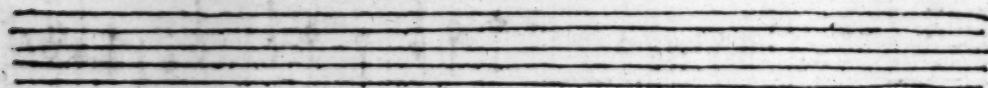
doe make mee mi-se-rable, which from mine eies doe wring such teares &amp;



groines, &amp; groines, That vnto pittie moue, the hard rocks and stones. :||:



hard rocks &amp; stones, that vnto pit-tie moue, the hard rocks and stones.





Of 3.

XV. ALTYS.

Alonso Ferrabosco

**V** Languish to complaine mee, :||: with  
 gait- ly griefe tormented, :||: :||:  
 I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, :||: I stand a  
 mazed, :||: to see you discontented, to see you discontented. Better I to hold  
 my peace, Better I to hold my peace, and co-uerly to stop my breath,  
 Then cause my sorrows to increafe, and worke my death, and couertly to stop  
 my breath. :||: Then cause my sorrows, to increafe, & work my  
 death. :||: Then cause my sorrows to increafe & worke  
 my death. Then cause my sorrowes to increafe, and worke my death.

Of 5.

Alto

## XVI. ALTUS.

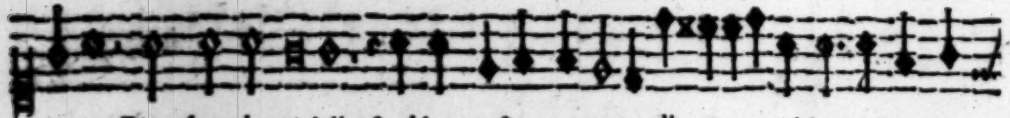
Hippolito Sabino.



Oe how my colour rangeth, :||:

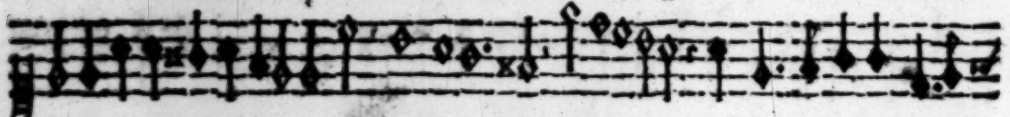
And death to

life, and death to life exchaungeth, :||:



Lies thou de-ceitfull, And let me live contrary, :||:

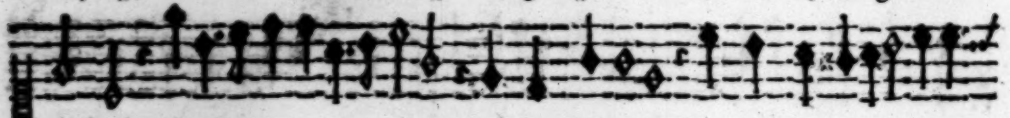
and let me live con-



trary, :||:

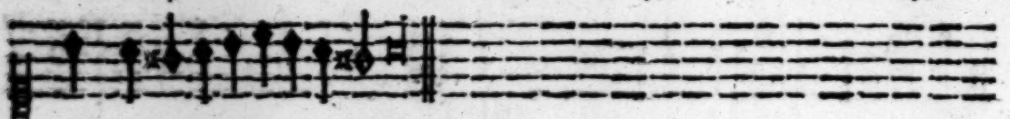
And thus by li-ving, :||:

and thus by living, wee



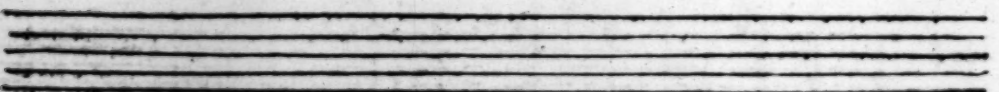
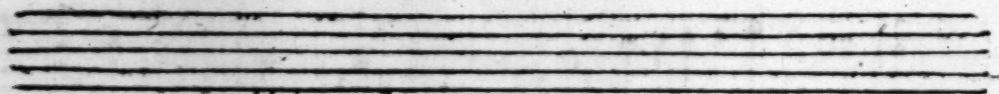
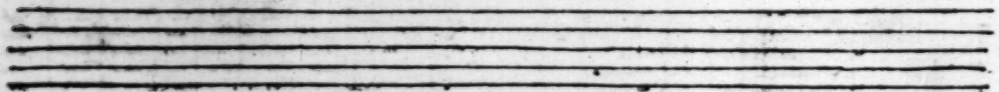
live both, :||:

In lives contrary, in lives con-tra-ry, in



lives contra-

ry.



Of 5.

XVII.

**ALTVS.**



Hircis, on his faire Phillis brest reposing, :||:

Sweet-ly, sweet-ly did lan-

guish, when shee in loues sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with

fugred glosing, Thurfis o tell mee, tell mee, thy true loue best approued, art

not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :||: which to hir hart was e-uer neereſt, Kist

hir a- gaine and said, :::: yes yes La-dy dearest.

D



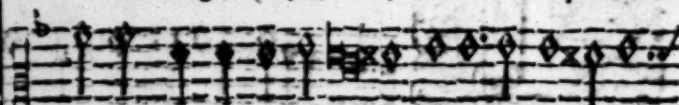
Of T. I. A.

XVIII. ALTVS.

Rugiero Giopanelli.



OR, verie grief I dye, if that you shew not in your faire



eyes, some signe of grace &amp; pit-tie, For verie grieft I



dye, if that you shew not in your faire eyes, some signe of grace and pit-tie,



Hate beares a sway so mightie, :||: That



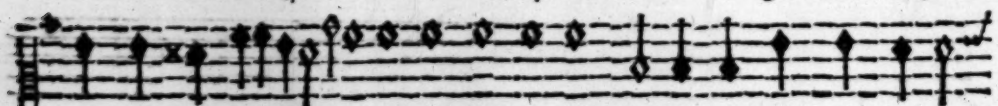
what to doe I know not, :||: But pine with outward anguish, And



for your owne sweet sake, :||: my hart doth languish. That what to



doe I know not, :||: But pine with outward anguish, And for your



owne sweet sake, :||: my hart doth languish. And for your owne sweet sake, my



hart doth lan- guish.

OF 5. The first part.

XIX. AETVS. Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, :||: sweetly doth com-

plaine, that &amp;c.

The Nightingale that sweetly,

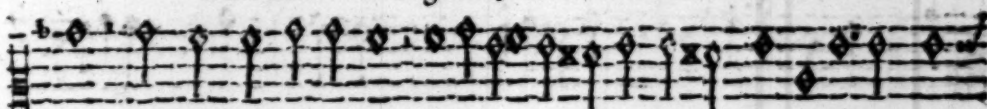


sweetly, sweetly, doth complaine, that &amp;c.

his yong once lost, :||:



or for his lo- uing mate, To fill the heauens &amp; fields himselfe doth



frame, with sweet and dolfull tunes, :||:

to shew his state, So all the night,



to doe I am full faine, Remembring my hard hap, and cru- ell fate, :||:



my hard hap &amp; cru-



ell fare, For I a lone, am cause of all my paine, :||:

That gods might



dye, I learnd to know to late. :||:

D.ii.

Of 5. The second part.

XX. ALTUS.

Peter Phillipps.



False deceit, :||: who can himself as-  
 sure, :||: Those two faire lights aye  
 clearer then the Sun, Who euer thought to see made so obscure, :||:  
 who euer thought to see made so ob-sure, well now I see Fortune doth  
 me procure, :||: to learne by prooffe in this case that I runne,  
 that I runne, that I runne, that nothing long doth  
 please, ne can indure. ne can indure. that nothing long doth please, ne  
 can indure, ne can indure, that nothing long doth  
 please ne can in-dure.



Of 5.

## XXI. ALTUS.

Stephano Ventura.



S Mopfus : went his filly flock foorth leading, By chance hee

heard how Phoebe, :||:

:||:

ah, complayned, ah, complay- ned, ah, complayned, And trasing

still hir steps and pathes foorth leading, foorth leading, and pathes foorth

lea- ding, Sore then she cried, and sayd, she was disdayned, Long could hee

not then en-duer, :||:

But proffered hir a false, :||:

hir wound to cuer. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cuer. :||:

But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cu-

er.

But proffered hir a false, hir wound to cuer.

D.iii.



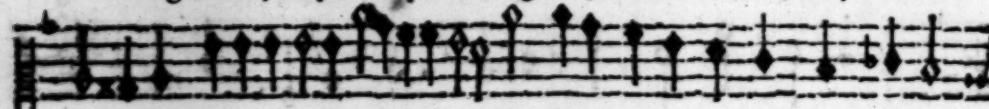
Lors faire Nimphe whilst fil-ly Lambs are feeding, fil-ly



Lambes are feeding, Graunt my request in speeding, :||:



graunt my request in speed- ding. For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth



lan- guish, :||:

And dye I shall, except you quench the an-

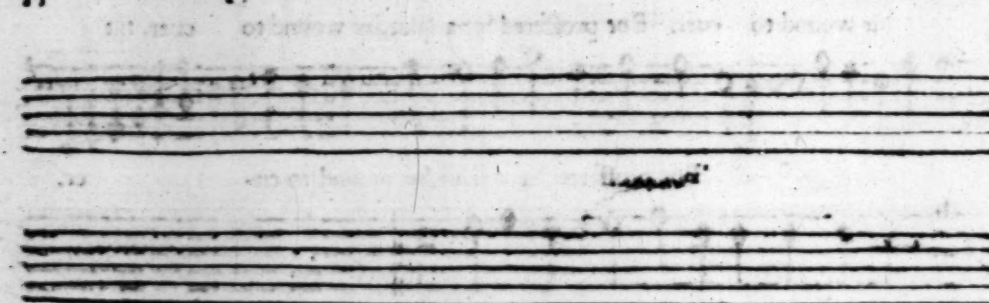
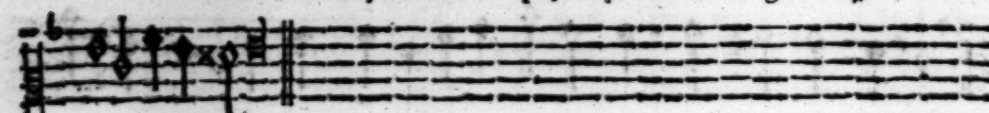


guish, :||:

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth lan- guish, :||:



And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish, :||:



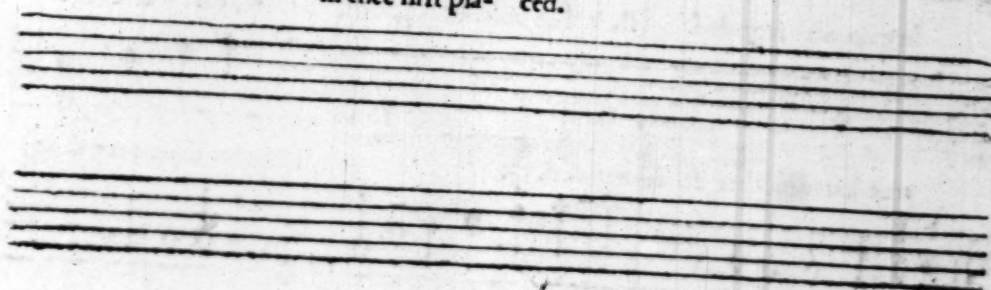
Of 5.

103  
XXIII. ALTVS.

76  
Giouanni di Macque.



Y sweet Lay- is, La-dy mist-  
res, Layis, aye mee, poore  
hart, poore hart, poore hart,  
ah poore hart, Dayly tormen-ted, And deadly malecon-tented, :||:  
Since thou for true loue, :||: shalt bee so sore dis- conten-  
ted, :||: By foule enormi-ty, in thee first pla-ced. :||:  
in thee first pla- ced.





Of 5.

## XXIIII. LATVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



AY sweet Phil- is, :||:



what thy will is, Call thy self to



minde, :||:

thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to



minde, cease his lamen- ting, which seeketh thy contenting, :||:



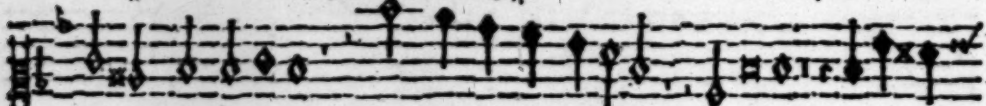
which seeketh thy conten- ting, If I for true loue,



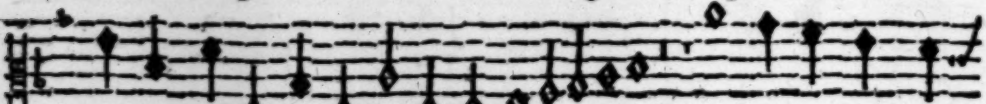
:||:

shall, be so rewarded, :||:

Thou for thy crime shalt



bee no whit regarded. shalt bee no whit regarded. regarded. If I for



true loue, shall bee so re-war-ded, :||:

Thou for thy cryme shalt



bee. no whit regarded. shalt bee no whit regarded. no whit regarded.

FINIS,

4  
TENOR.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
five voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued  
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of hir Maiesties Royall  
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.





# To the Worshipfull

Sir Geruis Clifton

K N I G H T.



**G**OOD Sir, I euer held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeit I cannot easely tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renoumed, as in you alone, the loue thereof is bectoned. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall mayntenaance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and devoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whome I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Paterne, the choyce, Mirtour & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well ordered designes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeuour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauels.

Your worships many wayes obleged

THOMAS MORLET.

# *The Table of all the Madrigales contained in*

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

<b>S</b> Vch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing singest thou.	II	Battista Mosto.
I thinck that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers foorth.	IIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds daunger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vechi.
Hearke and giue eare.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vechi.
Soden passions.	XII	Allessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thursis on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie grieffe I dye,	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopsus went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII	Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Layis.	XXIII	Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

*FINIS.*

Of 5.

81  
I. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



Vch pleasant: The world yet neuer vewed, Such pleasant

bowghes y world yet neuer vewed, :: Nor

winde dyd e- uer none such flowers verdant, :: As at the first vnto

my sight were shew- ed, For that I seeing those hir two Lamps ardent,

For my refuge no better, for my refuge no bet- ter shade dyd espie, Of

any greene plant that grew vnder the skye. For my refuge no better shade dyd

espie, Of any greene plant that grew vnder the skye. :: Of

any greene plant, of any greene plant, :: Of any greene plant y grew

vnder the sky.

B



Of 5.

## II. TENOR.

Battista Mosto.




 Weetly pleasing singest thou, lovely sheper- dis,  

 Thou bring- est a world of blisse, stretch forth thy nimble  

 ioynts and fine- ly foote it, For y<sup>e</sup> shalt weare the garland, & daunce bee-  

 fore vs, whilst y<sup>e</sup> the bagpipe toot it: and daunce before vs, whilst y<sup>e</sup> the bagpipe toot it:  

 Strew Roses, Violets, Lillis, But aye me in y<sup>e</sup> midst of mirth & singing, what meanes my  

 loue thus to chage with hir hands wringing, with hir hands wringing. Help, help alas she  

 faints, a-las shee faints, for verie grieve & sorrow, grieve and sorrow, The more shee  

 morneth, the more my care aboundeth. For verie grief & sorrow, grieve and sorrow,  

 The more shee morneth, the more my care aboundeth. my care aboundeth.

Of 5.

## III. TENOR,

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



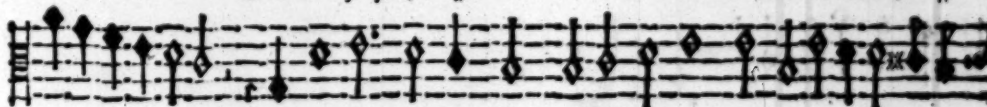
Thinck that if the hills, the plaines and moun-



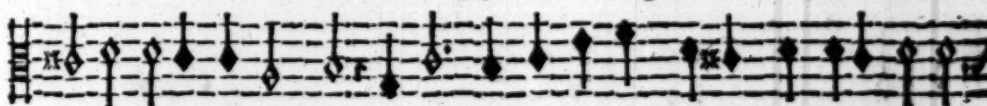
taines, And woods and waters knew the great distemper, :||:



Of this my lyfe, :||: it should not bee concealed, :||:



But thorow such by pathes, and fauage fountains, :||:



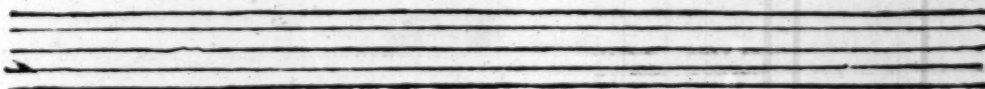
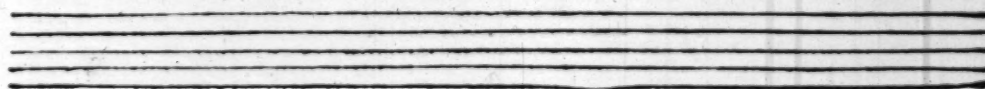
and fauage fountains, I know not how to search for trewe loue sem- per, :||:



That by reason, :||: each one may bee reuea-



led. That by reason, :||: each one may be reuealed. each one may bee reuealed.



Bij.





Of 5.

V. TENOR.

Rugiero Giomelli.



Oe Ladies wher my loue comes, all clad in greene &amp;



youthfully shee shows it, :||:

Harts grieve



none feeles, but shee that soundly knowes it : My hart will break in sunder, :||:



And daunt my fen- ces, more then boult of Thunder,

Rest sweet-



ly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when he lies slee- ping. Rest sweetly

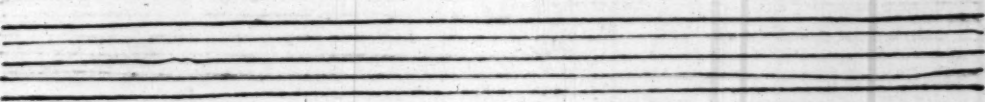
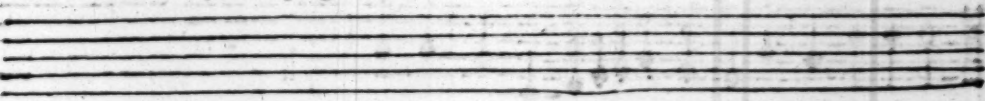


:||: in his keeping, :||:

in his keeping, which causeth mee to



wake when hee lyes sleeping.



B.ij.

Of 5.

VL TENOR.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



S I walked, :||: as I walked in greene Forrest,



as I walked, :||: in greene Forrest,



Among the wilde beafts, I fodainely bee thought mee, of strange and most rare



iefts, for hir that fought mee : :||: for hir that fought mee : But my mynde



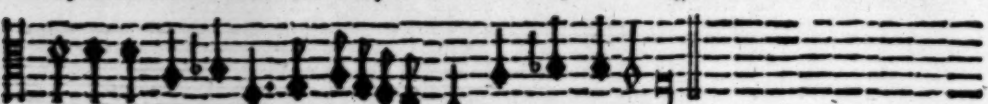
yeeldes mee no rest, Nor can I con- ster certainly, what vilde monster, vsurping



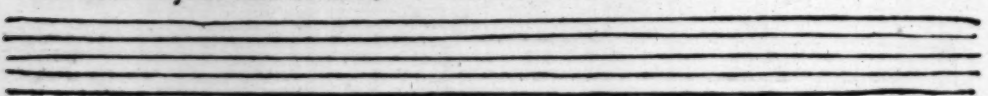
in my rest- lesse fences, So strangely moued, deadly to hate hir



now, whom once I loued. Deadly to hate hir now, :||: whom once I



loued. Deadly to hate hir now, whom once I loued.



Of 5.

**VII. TENOR:**

**Rugiero Giouacchi**



Elay breeds danger, danger, and how may that bee

wrested, by flight to shun delaying, :||:

verie vile is that vice, :||:

verie vile is that vice, e-

uer detested, Each lowers suite bewraying, :||:

## Thrice happier men do

lay, is that sweet wooing, :||:

Where love may still bee

noted,  $\therefore \parallel$

where loue may still be noted, ::

## Swift in do-

ing. ::

Swift in dooing. :||:

Swift in doo- ing.



Off.

VIII TENOR.

Giuliani Ferretti.



Y Lady still abhors mee, abhors mee, supposing by hir fly-



ing, :||:

Sometime to breed my



dy- ing, My Lady still abhors mee, abhors mee, supposing by hir fly-



ing, :||:

Sometime to breed my dy-

ing, Slay mee, :||:



slay mee, :||: slay mee, :||: flye mee flye mee, flye mee, :||:



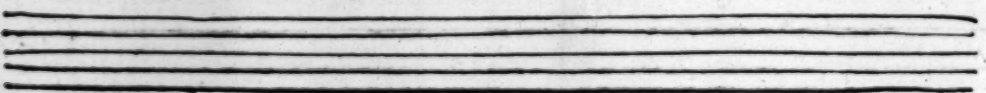
yet your flight, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, shall not destroy mee,



slay mee, :||: slay mee :||: slay me, :||: fly mee, fly mee, fly mee, :||:



yet your flight, yet your flight shall not destroy mee, shall not destroy mee.



Of 5.

## IX. TENOR.

Horacio Vecchi.



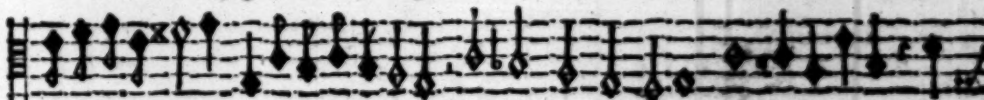
Oe not tremble but stand fast, deare hart &amp; faint not, Hope



well, haue well, my sweeting, my sweeting, Loe wher I come to



thee with friendly greet- ting, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, ::



::

Loe thy true loue saluts thee, ::

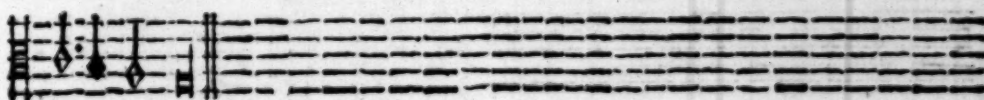


Whose Ierne thou art, and so he still

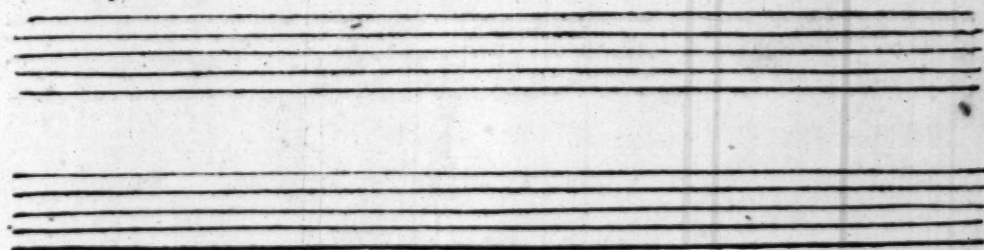
reputs thee. ::



and so he still reputs thee, he still reputs thee, and so he



still reputs thee.



C.

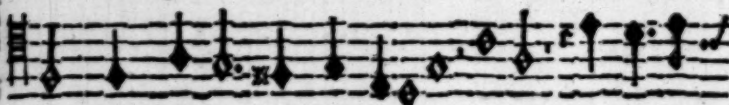
Of 5.

X. TENOR.

Giulio Belli.



Arke and give eare auertine, you louers so befotted, No lyfe



no breath, and yet no death allotted: Phillis wherein my



hart was lodged, in a strong towre, shee of that flower beereft



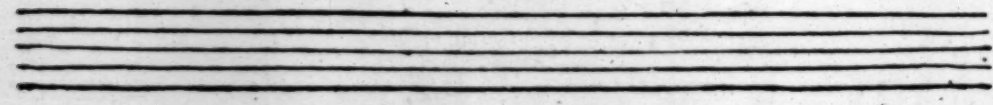
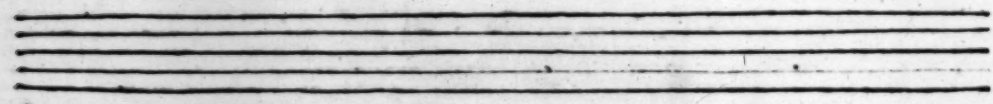
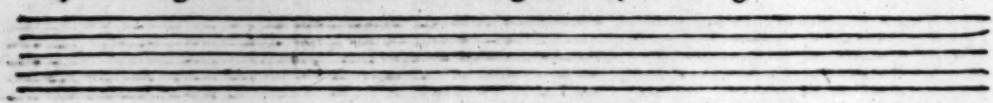
mee, And stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee left mee, all comfort- lesse she



left mee, What panges are these in louers, That steales the heart and giues the



lyfe reuiuing. That steales the heart, and giues the lyfe reuiuing.

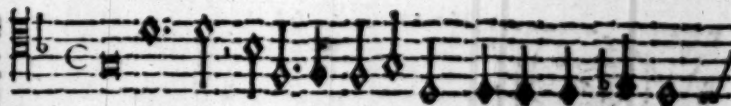




Of 5.

## XI. TENOR.

Horacio Vecchi.



Ife tell mee :||: what is the cause of each mans dy-



ing, carefull grieft mixt with crieng, No no hart stay



thee, :||: Let no fuch thought or care of minde difmay thee, :||:



Let no fuch thought or care of minde difmay thee, Tell mee



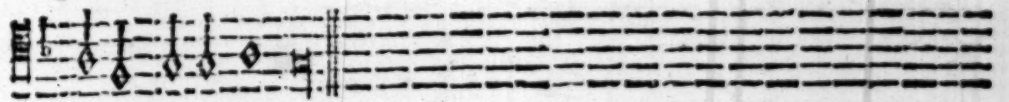
life, tell mee life how grieft killeth or how it woundeth, when it fo fore a-bound-



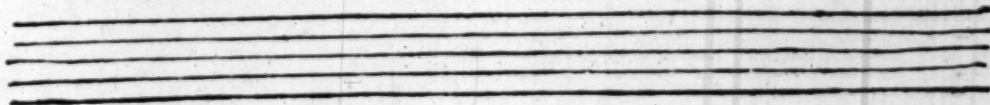
eth, :||: Sweet hart content thee, :||: Thy cares are fo



great, I can but lament thee. :||: Thy cares are fo great,



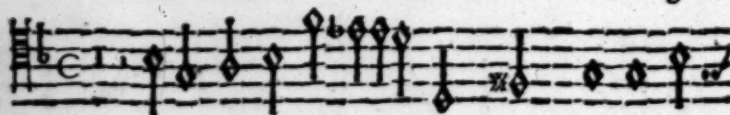
I can but lament thee.



Of 5.

XII. TENOR.

Allessandro Orologio.



Oden passions, :: with strange and rare tor-



men- ting, :: Increaseth grief, and



more, it breeds my sorrow, The cause increaseth, doth bleare mine eyes with wee-



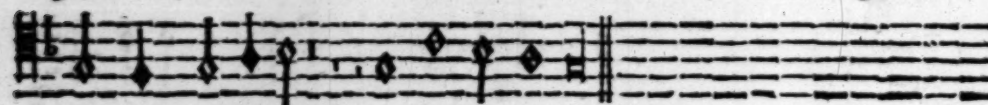
ping, And daunt my thoughts from euen vntill the morrow, In this vnrestfull paine,



long must I lan- guish, :: long must I lan-



guish, :: Till death draw neere to rid my hart from anguish. Till



death draw neere to rid my hart from anguish.



Of 5.

## XIII. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



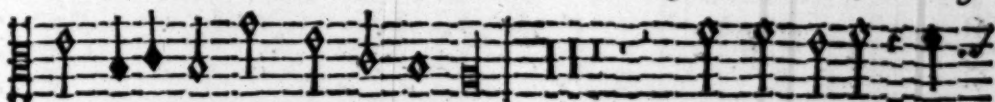
F li-lent, then grieve torments mee, :||: then



grieve torments mee, If I speake, :||:



your patience moueth, your patience moueth, Hating him that loueth, Hating



him ahat loueth, your wrath preuents mee.

That these my lines, :||:



my lynes so pensiue, may no way seeme offensiue, But rather work my ioye,



:||: by your sweet reading. But rather worke my ioye, by



your sweet reading, But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading.





Of 5.

## XIIII TENOR.

Luca Marenzio.



My louing sweet hart, leaue of thy madnesse, How can



my wounded hart to lue be able, That without your feruent



loue, A-las, what greife and sadnesse, In my torments doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble,



Which from mine eies, doe wring such teares &amp; grones, :||

That vnto pittie



more, :||

the hard rocks and

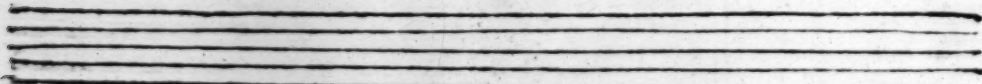
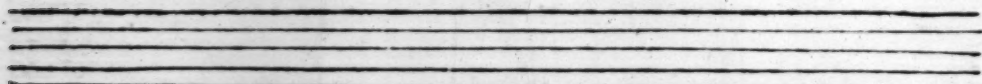
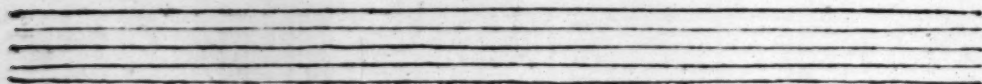
stones, the hard rocks



and

stones, the hard rocks and

stones.



Of 5.

## XV. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosca



Languish to complaine mee, complaine mee, with



gast-ly griefe tormented, I languish to complaine mee,



with gastly griefe tormen- ted, tormented, I stand a mazed, ::



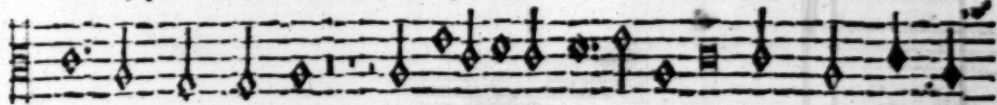
to see you discontented, I stand a mazed, to see you discontented, to see you, to



see you disconten- ted. Bet- ter I to hold my peace, Bet- ter I to



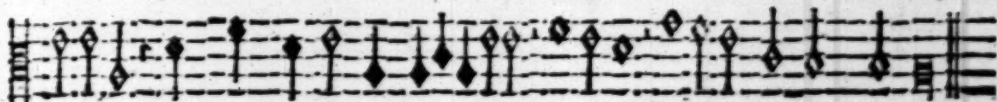
hold my peace, and couertly to stop my breth, Then cause my sorrows to in-



crease, and worke my death. and couertly to hold, to hold my peace, Then cause my



sorrows, :: Then cause my sorrows to increafe, and worke my death, ::

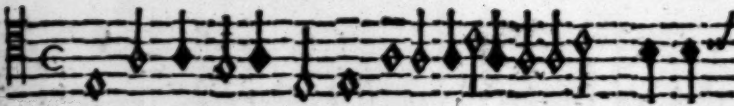


Then cause my sorrows, :: to increafe, :: &amp; worke my death.

Of.

## XVI. TENOR.

Hippolito Sabino.



Oe how my colour rangeth, :||:

And death to



life exchaungeth, :||:

:||:

ex-



changerth, Live thou deceitfull, And let me live contrary, :||:

&amp;



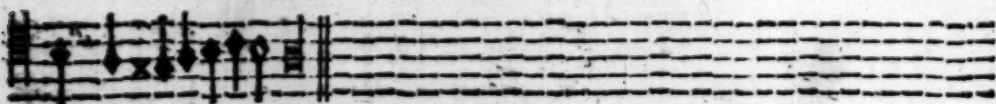
let me live contrary, :||:

And thus by living, wee live both, :||:



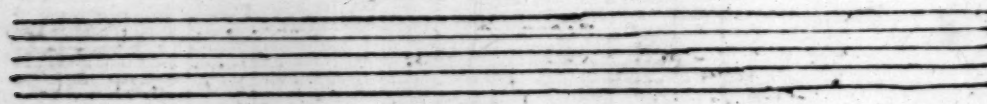
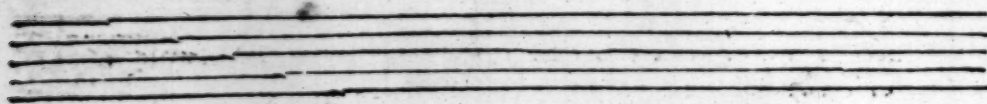
we live both, In lives wee va-rie, :||:

in



lives wee va-

rie.





Of 5.

XVII.

TENOR.



Thirsis, on his faire Phil- lis brest reposing, Sweet-



ly, sweetly did lan- guish, :||: when



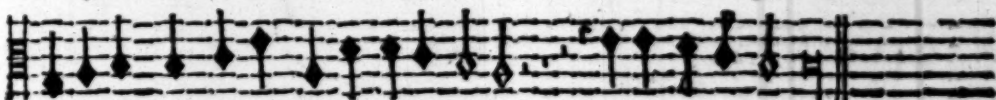
shee in loues sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with sugred glosing,



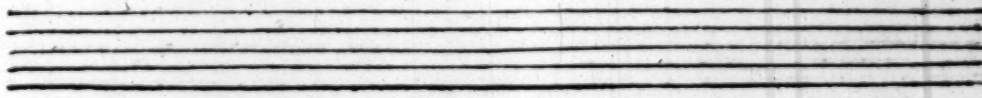
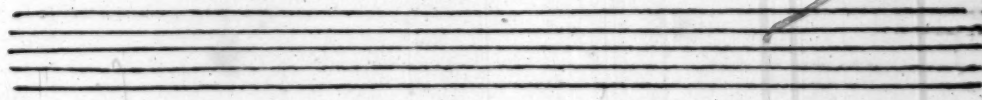
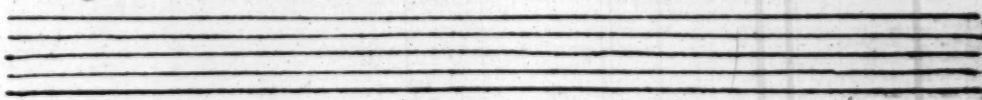
Thirsis ô tell mee, art not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :||: which to hir



hart (still) was neereft, nee- rest, Kist hir againe and said, Kist



hir againe and said, and said, yes La-dy deereft. yes yes La-dy deareft.



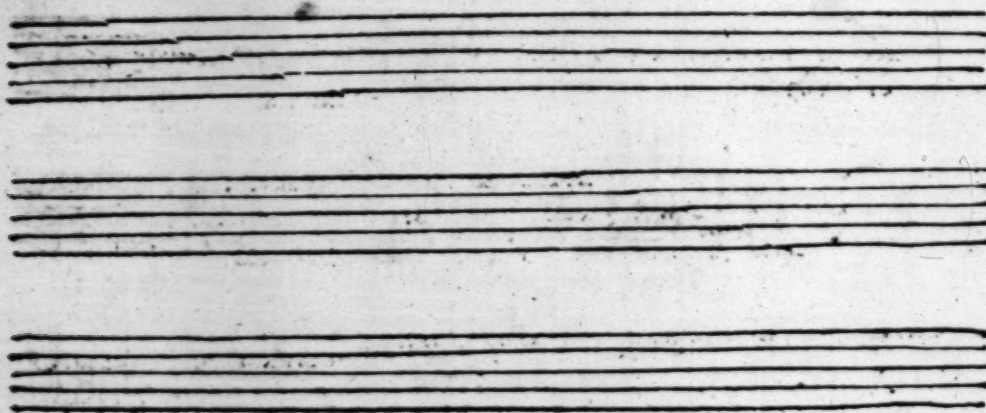
OFS.

## XVI TENOR.

Hippolito Sabino.



Oe how my colour rangeth, :||: And death to  
 life exchaungeth, :||: :||: ex-  
 changeth, Linc thou dectifull, And let me linc contrary, :||: &  
 let me linc contrary, :||: And thus by lincing, wee linc both, :||:  
 we linc both, In lincs wee va-rie, :||: in  
 lincs wee va-rie.



Of 5.

## XVII.

TENOR.



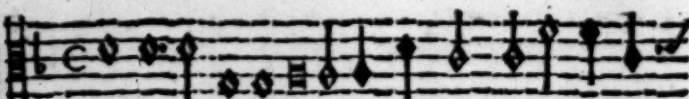
Hirfis, on his faire Phil- lis brest reposing, Sweet-  
 ly, sweetly did lan- guish, :: when  
 shee in loues sweet anguish, him kissing gently said (thus) with sacred glowing,  
 Thirfis ô tell mee, art not thou my be-loued, Then hee, :: which to hir  
 hart (still) was neereft, nee- rest, Kist hir againe and said, Kist  
 hir againe and said, and said, yes La-dy deereft. yes yes La-dy deareft.



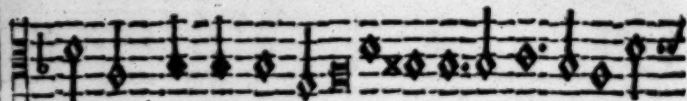
Of 5.

## XVIII. TENOR.

Rugiero Gionanelli.



OR verie grief I die, if that you shew not in your faire



eyes, some signe of grace &amp; pittie, For verie grieft I dye, if



that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace &amp; pittie, Hate beares a



fway so mightie, :::

That what to doe I know not, But pine with



outward anguish, And for your owne sweet sake, :::

my hart doth lan-

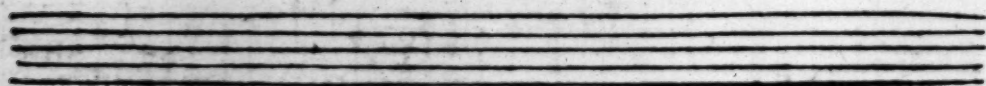


guish. And for your owne sweet sake, :::

my hart doth languish. And



for your owne sweet sake, my hart doth languish.



Of 5. The first part.

XIX. TENOR.

Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, sweetly, :||: doth com-



plaine, :||:

The Nightingale that sweetly,



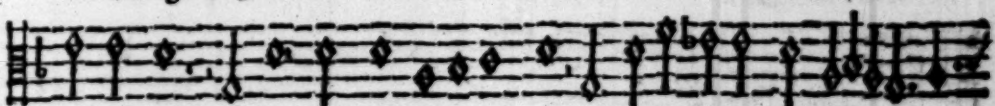
sweetly, doth cōplaine, that &amp;c.

his yong once lost, :||:

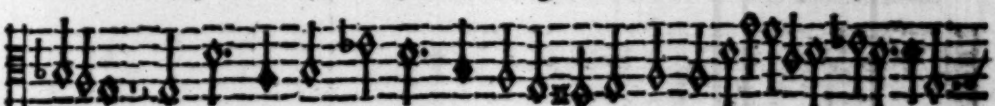
or for



his louing mate, To fill the heauens &amp; fields himselfe doth frame, with sweet and



dofull tunes, to shew his state, So all the night, to doe I am full faine, :||:



Remembring my hard hap, and cru-

ell fate, :||:



Remembring my hard hap, &amp; cruell fate, :||:

For I a lone,



am caufe of all my paine, That gods might dye, I learned to know to late. :||:



That gods &amp;c.

That gods &c.  
D.ii.

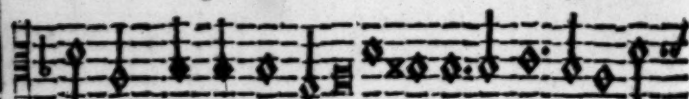
Of 5.

XVIII. TENOR.

Rugiero Giomelli.



OR verie grief I die, if that you shew not in your faire



eyes, some signe of grace &amp; pittie, For verie grieft I dye, if



that you shew not in your fayre eyes, some signe of grace &amp; pittie, Hate beares a



fway fo mightie, :::

That what to doe I know not, But pine with



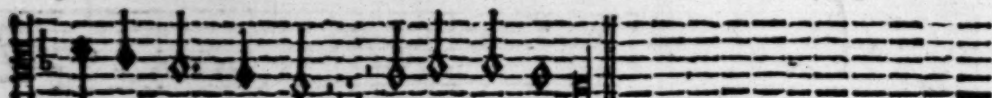
outward anguish, And for your owne sweet sake, :::

my hart doth lan-

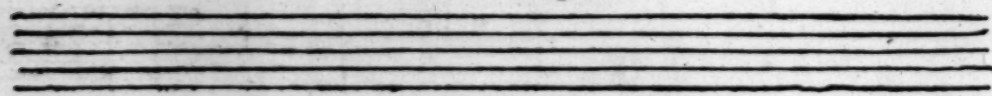


guish. And for your owne sweet sake, :::

my hart doth languish. And



for your owne sweet sake, my hart doth languish.





Of 5. The first part.

XIX. TENOR.

Peter Phillips.



HE Nightingale that sweetly, sweetly, :||: doth com-

plaine, :||:

The Nightingale that sweetly,



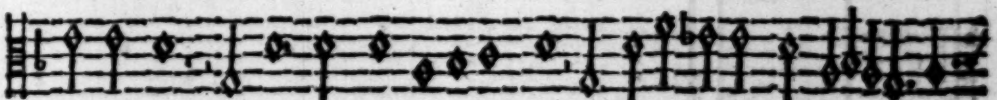
sweetly, doth cōplaine, that &amp;c.

his yong once lost, :||:

or for



his louing mate, To fill the heauens &amp; fields himselfe doth frame, with sweet and



dofull tunes, to shew his state, So all the night, to doe I am full faine, :||:



Remembring my hard hap, and cru-

ell fare, :||:



Remembring my hard hap, &amp; cruell fare, :||:

For I a lone,



am cause of all my paine, That gods might dye, I leard to know to late. :||:



That gods &amp;c.

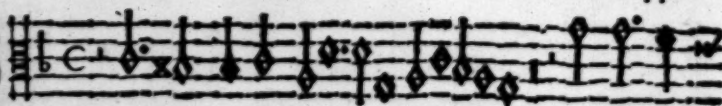
That gods &amp;c.

D.ii.

Of 5. The second part.

XX. TENOR.

Peter Phillipps.



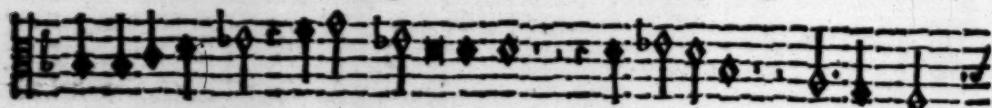
False deceit, :||: who can him-



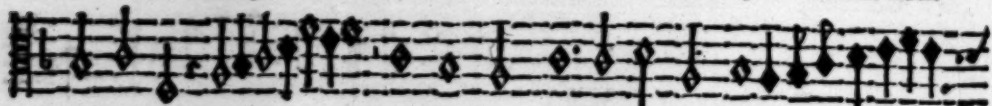
self assure, him-self assure, Those two faire lights aye clearer



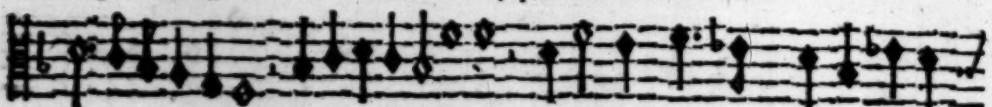
then the Sun, Who euer thought to see made so obscure, :||:



who e-uer thought to see made so obscure, Well now I see, Fortune doth



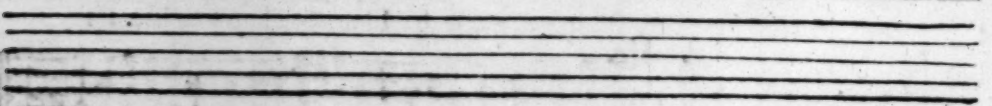
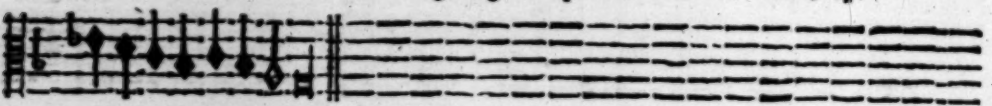
me procure, :||: To learne by prooffe in this case that I



runne, that I runne, That nothing long doth please, ne can in-



dure. ne can in- dure. That nothing long doth please, ne can in- dure, :||:



Of 5.

**XXI. TENOR.**

**Stephano Venturi.**



S Mopfus: By chance hee heard how Phe- be,

※

by chance hee heard how

Ph- be, ah, complay- ned, ah, complayned, And trasing

Still his steps and pathes forth leading, and pathes forth leading, Long could he

not then enduer, :::

But proffered            hir a false, hir wound

to      cuer. :||:

But proffered him a salve, his would to

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with beams, and a few rests. The notation is somewhat stylized, with some notes appearing as diamond shapes. The system ends with a double bar line.

cuor. :||:

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



Of 5.

XXII. TENOR.

Giouanni Feretti.



Lora faire Nymph, faire Nymph, Flora faire Nymph whilst



fil-ly Lambes are feeding, Graunt my request in speeding,



:||:

For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, :||:



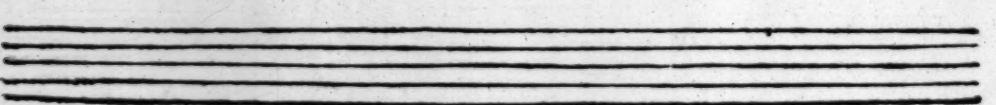
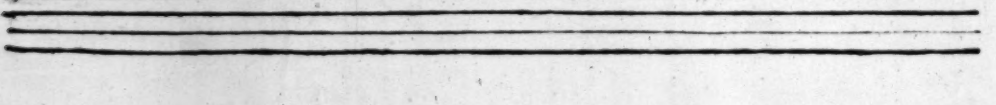
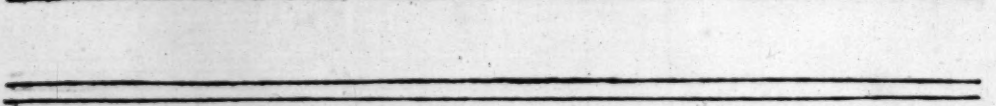
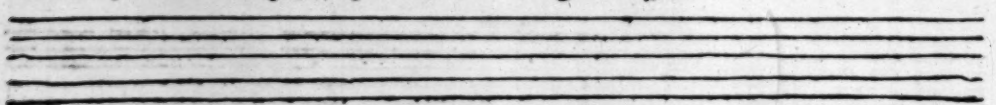
And dye I shall, except you quench the an- guish. :||:



For your sweet loue my fil-ly hart doth languish, :||:



And dye I shall except you quench the An- guish. :||:



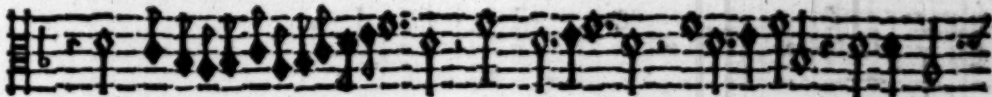
Of 7.

## XXIIL TENOR.

Giouanni di Macque.



Layis, aye mee, Layis, aye mee,



ah poore

hart, ah poore hart, ::

Dayly tor-



mented, And deadly maleoon-tented, ::

Since thou for true loue,



::

shalt bee so fore disgra-

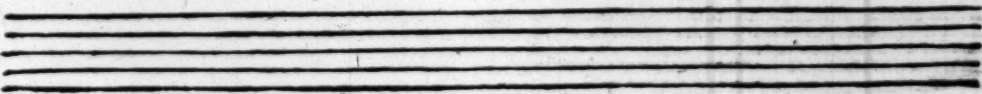
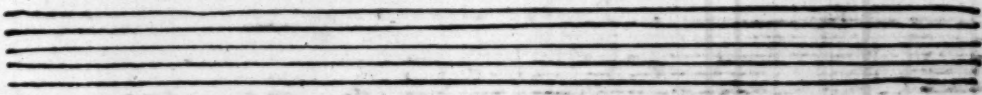
ced, so fore disgra-



ced, By foule enormi-tie, in thee first pla-ced. In thee first pla-



ced. By foule enormitie, in thee first pla-ced.



Of 5.

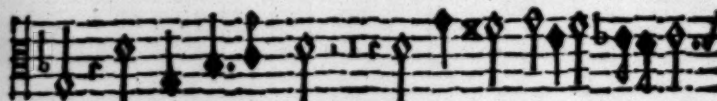
## XXIIII. TENOR.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



A Y sweet Phil-

lis, what thy will



is, Call thy selfe to minde, Call thy selfe to



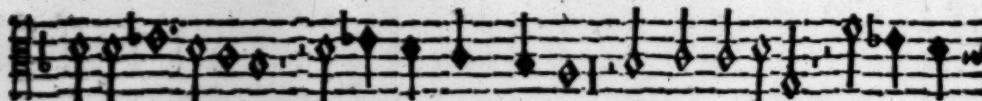
minde, thy selfe to minde, cease his lamenting. :||:

which seeketh thy contenting,



:||:

If I for true loue shall, :||:



bee so rewarded, Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regarded. Thou for thy



crime shalt bee no whit regarded. If I for true loue shall, :||:

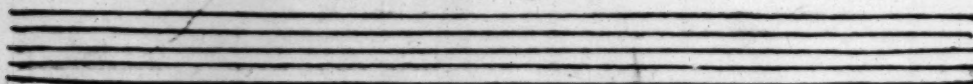
bee



so rewarded, Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regarded. :||:



Thou for thy crime, shalt bee no whit regarded.





5  
BASSVS.

MADRIGALS  
TO  
fue voyces.

*Selected out of the best approued  
Italian Authors.*

BY

Thomas Morley Gentleman  
of hir Maiesties Royall  
CHAPPELL.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

5



To the Worshipfull  
Sir Geruis Clifton  
K N I G H T.



GOOD Sir, I euer held this sentence of the Poët, as a Canon of my Creede; That whom GOD loueth not, they loue not Musique. For as the Art of Musique is one of the most Heauenly gifts, so the very loue of Musique (without Art) is one of the best engrafted testimonies of Heauens loue towards vs. For your part, albeeit I cannot easely tell, whether I may more commend in you, Art it selfe, or the Loue of Art: Yet I must needs say, that Art it selfe was neuer in any man so renoumed, as in you alone, the loue thereof is beeloued. And worthely. For it is not with you, as with manye others which for forme, affect it much: yet they but affect it, whereas your affects are best commended by the effects, your substantiall loue by your Reall allowance, and your Royall minde by your supersubstantiall mayntenance thereof. Of whom therefore should I poore Student and deuoted seruant of Heauens Art, & Arts loue, make my wish for Patrone of this my Arts in artificiall choyce, but of your selfe alone, whom I cannot but acknowledge the best, both Patrone & Paternie, the choyce, Mitrour & Mecenas of these your owne, and Heauens delights. To you then alone, in whose honorable brest is a continuall harmonie of well ordered designes, I commit the censure of these my selectaries, and the patrocinie of these my paynes in them. Of the which if any part may finde with you the least fauorable acceptance, I perswade my selfe I haue done my part, & will endeuour my selfe in my more serious successiue labours, to merit that sweet fauour of yours, which thus I doe but preoccupate with these slighter trauells.

Your worships many wayes obliged

THOMAS MORLEY.



# *The Table of all the Madrigales contained in*

these Bookes, with the names of their severall

Authors and Originalls.

<b>S</b> Vch pleasant boughes.	I	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Sweetly pleasing singest thou.	II	Bartista Mosto.
I thinck that if the hills.	III	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Come louers foorth.	IIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Loe Ladies where my loue comes.	V	Rugiero Giouanelli.
As I walked.	VI	Rugiero Giouanelli.
Delay breeds daunger.	VII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
My Ladie still abhors mee.	VIII	Giouanni Feretti.
Doe not tremble.	IX	Horacio Vecchi.
Harke and giue care.	X	Giulio Belli.
Life tell mee.	XI	Horacio Vecchi.
Soden passions.	XII	Allessandro Orologio.
If silent.	XIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.
O my louing sweet hart.	XIIII	Luca Merenzio.
I languish to complaine mee.	XV	Alfonso Ferabosco.
Loe how my colour rangeth.	XVI	Hippolito Sabino.
Thirsis on his faire Phillis.	XVII	
For verie grieft I dye,	XVIII	Rugiero Giouanelli.
The Nightingale. The first part.	XIX	Peter Phillips.
O false deceit. The second part.	XX	Peter Phillips.
As Mopsus went.	XXI	Stephano Venturi.
Flora faire Nimphe.	XXII	Giouanni Feretti.
My sweet Lays.	XXIII	Giouanni di Macque.
Say sweet Phillis,	XXIIII	Alfonso Ferabosco.

*FINIS.*

Of 5.

## I. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



Vch pleasant boughs the world yet neuer view-



ed, ::

Nor winde did



e-uer moue, such flowers verdant, As at the first vnto my sight were shew-



ed, For my refuge no better shade I did es- pie, no better shade I dyd espye,



Of a-ny greene plant, For my refuge no better shade did espie, Of a-ny greene



plant, that grew vnder the skye. Of a-ny greene plant, that grew vnder the skye.



B.

T.

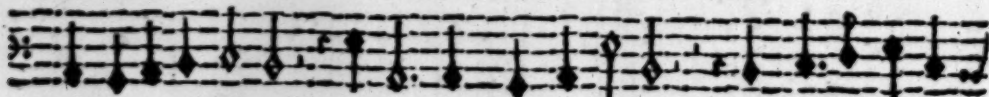
Of 3.

II. BASS V.S.

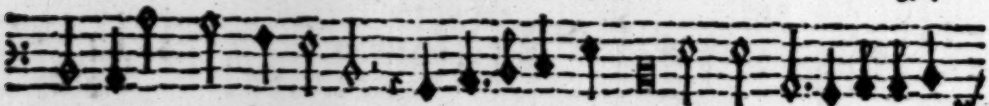
Battista Mosta.



Weety: Thou bring- est a world of blisse, Stretch forth thy nimble



ioyns & finely foote it, For thou shalt weare the garland, whilst that the bagpipe



roote it, and dance beefore vs, whilst y the bagpipe roote it: Strew Roses, Vi-o-lets,



Lills, But aye mee, in the midst of mirth & singing, What means my lone, with



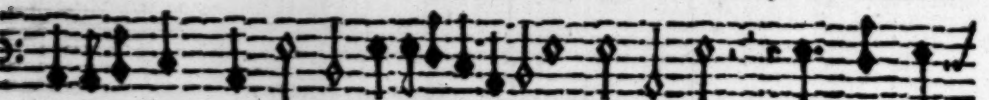
hir hands wringing, :||:

Help, help a-las thee faints, For verie grieve thee



soundeth, :||:

The more thee morneth, the more my care aboundeth,

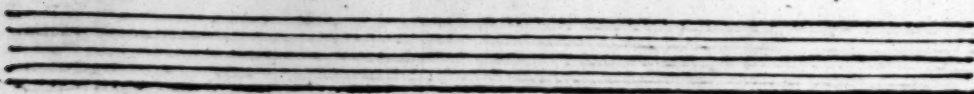


For verie grieve thee soundeth, :||:

thee soundeth. The more thee



morneth, the more my care aboundeth.





Of 5.

## III. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



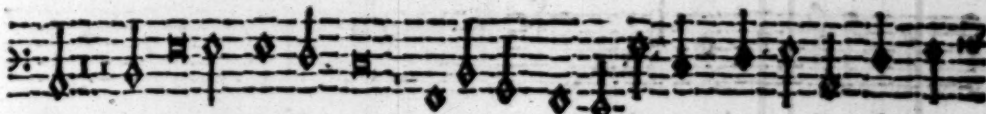
Thinck that if the hills, the plaines and mountaines,



And woods &amp; waters knew the great distemper, :||:



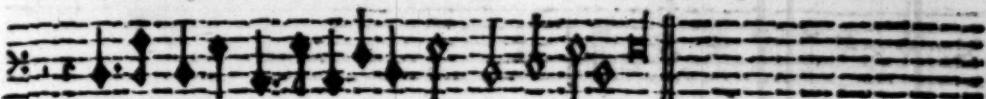
Of this my lyfe, it should not bee concealed, it should not bee concea-



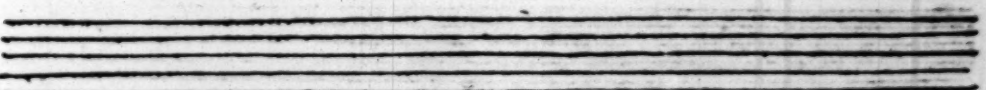
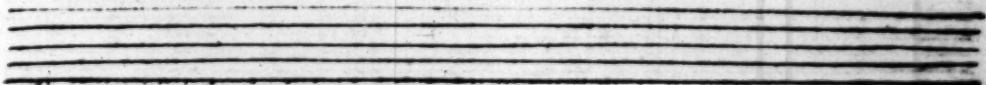
led, But thorow such by pathes, and savage fountains, I know not how to search for



trew loue semper, That by reason, :||: each one may bee reuealed.



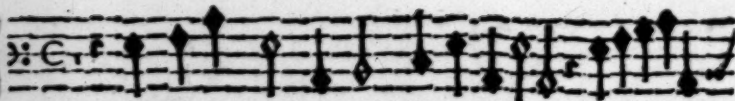
That by reason, :||: each one may bee reuealed.



Of 5.

IIII. BASS. VS.

Giouanni Feretti.



Come louers foorth, addresse you to admyer, ::



Come louers foorth, addresse you to admyer,

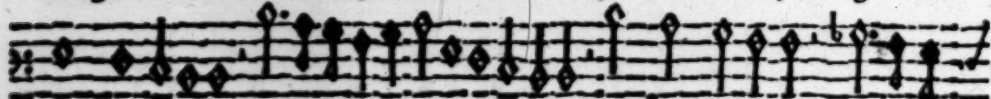


::

At hir whose locks are like the golden wyer, Cu-riously



wrought to set mens harts on fy-er. mens harts one fy-er, Cu-riously wrought to set

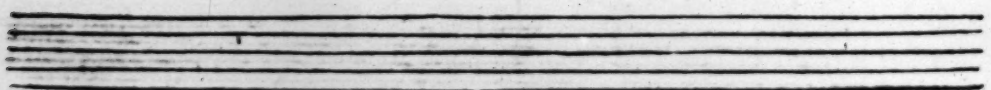
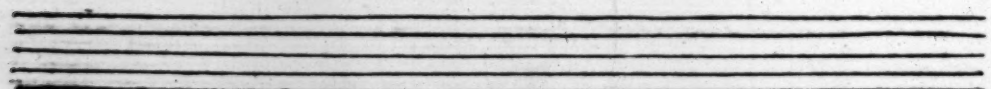
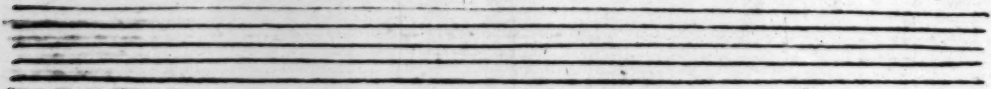


mens harts on fy-er, ::

mens harts on fy-er, Cu-riously



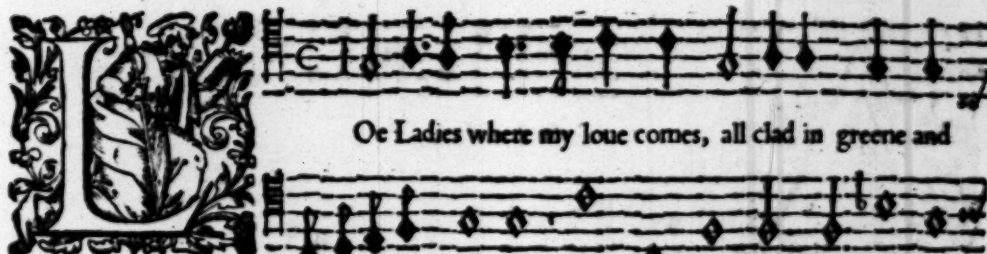
wrought to set mens harts on fy-er.



Of 5.

V. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giouarelli.



Oe Ladies where my loue comes, all clad in greene and



youthfully she shows it, Harts grieve none feelles, but shee that



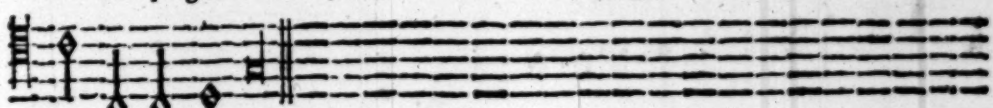
soundly knowes it, My hart will break in funder, And daunt my fences more then



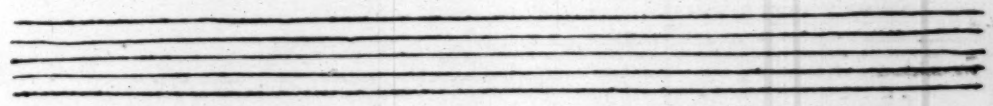
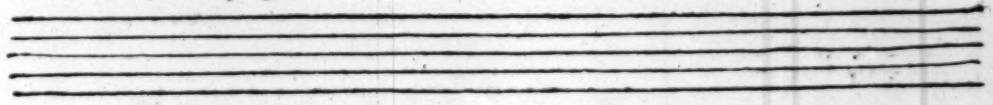
boulds of Thunder, Rest sweetly, in his keeping, which causeth me to wake when



he lies sleeping. Rest sweetly, :||: in his keeping, which causeth mee to wake



when hee lyes sleeping.



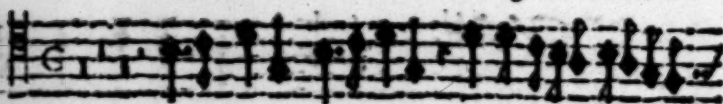
B.iii.



Of.

VI. BASS. VI.

Rugiero Giouanelli.

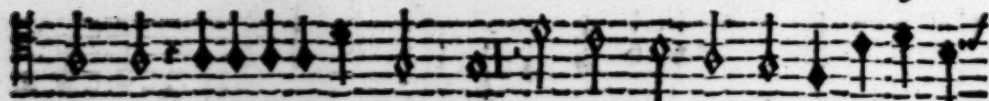


S I walked, :||:

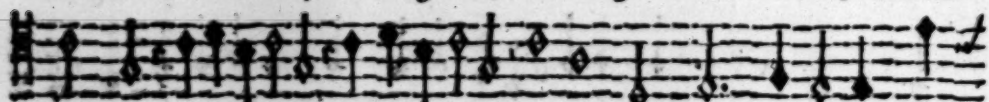
in greene



forrest, Among the



wilde beafts, I fuddenly-fee thought me, Of ftrange and moft rare iefls, for hir that



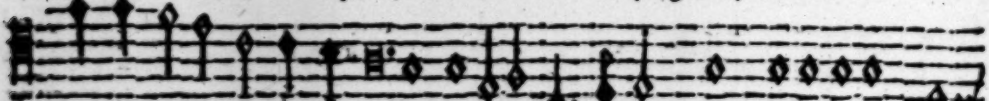
fought mee, :||:

:||:

But my mynde yeeldes mee no ref, Nor



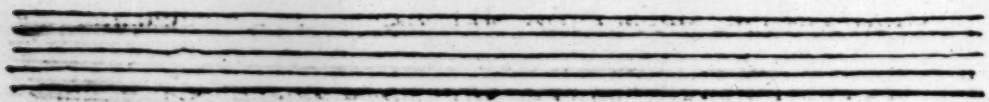
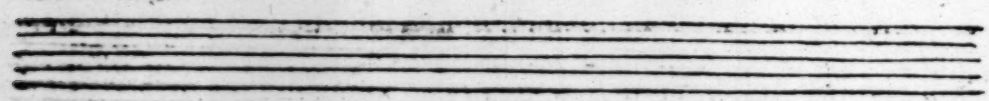
can I con- fter, certainly what wilde monfter, vfarping in my ref-



leffe fences, fo fträngely moued, deadly to hate hir now, whom once I loued. whom



once I loued.



Of 5.

## VII. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.

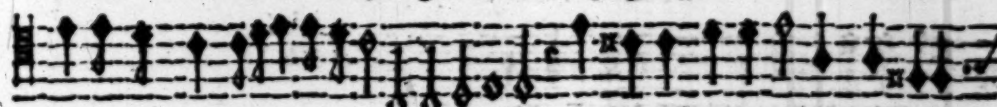


Delay breeds danger, danger, &amp; how may that be wrest-



ed, by sleight to shun delaying, :||:

verie



wile is that vice, :||:

e-uer detested, Each louers sute bewraying, :||:



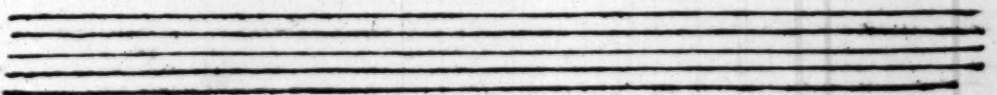
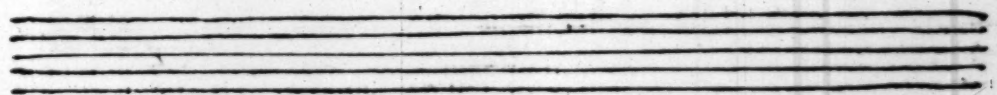
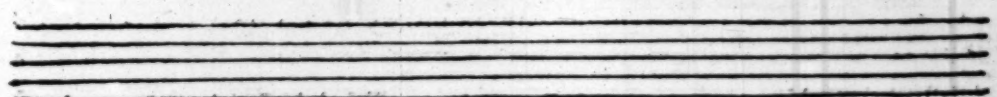
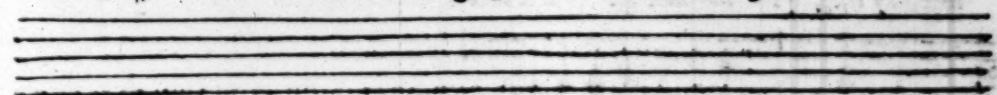
Thrice happie merr doe say is that sweet wooing, Where lous may still bee



noted, :||:

Swift in doing, :||:

Swift in dooing.



Of 5.

VIII. BASSVS.

Giottanni Ferretti.



Y Lady still abhors mee, supposing by hir flying,



Sometime to breed my dying, My Lady still abhors mee,



supposing by hir flying, Sometime to breed my dying, Slay me, :: slay mee,



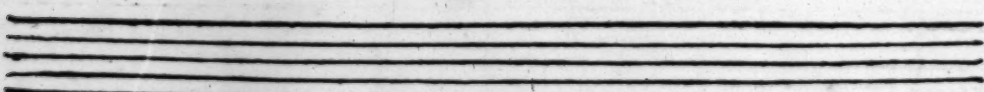
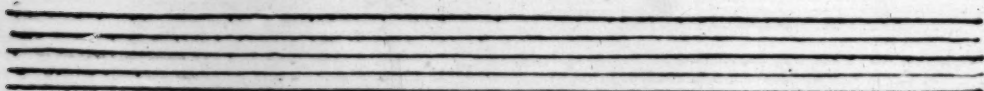
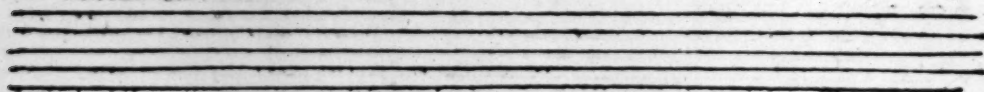
:: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, :: yet your flight shall not destroy



mee, slay mee, :: slay mee :: flye mee, flye mee, flye mee, ::



yet your flight shall not destroy mee.





Of 5.

IX. BASSVS.

**Horacio Vechi.**



Oe not : Deare hart and faint not, hope well, haue well, my sweet-

ing, :||: -

Loe where I come to thee with friendly gree-

ting, Now ioyne with mee, thy hand fast, thy hand fast, :||:

saluts thee,      Whose Ierne thou art, and so he still, and      so he still reputs thee.

and so hee still reputs thee, and so he still reputs thee.

**C.**

v.

Of 5.

X. BASSVS.

Giulio Belli.



Arke &amp; giue care: Phillis fayre gaue mee a flower, wherein my



hart was lodged in a strong tower, Shee of that flower bee-



rest mee, and stealing fled, all comfortlesse shee left mee, ::

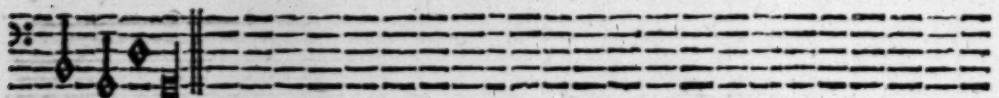


::

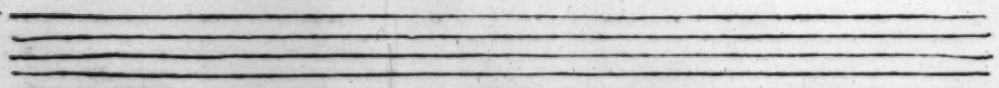
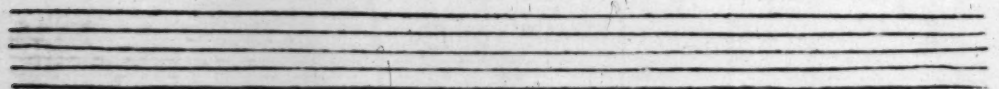
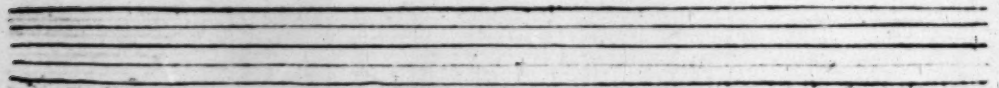
What panges are these in loners, twixt lyfe and death so stinging,



That steales the heart, and giues the lyfe reuiuing. That steales the heart and giues the



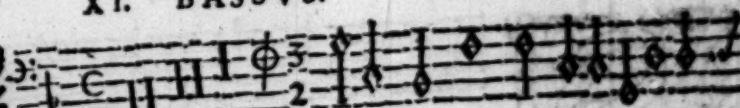
lyfe reuiuing.



OF 3.

## XI. BASSVS.

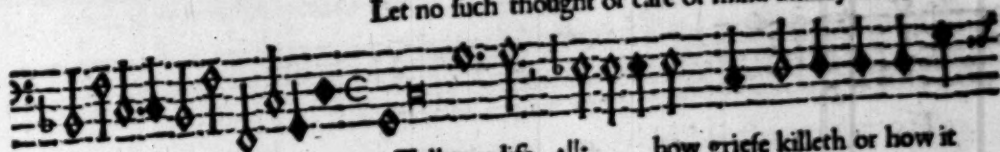
Horacio Vecchi.



Ife tell mee : No no hart stay thee, :||:



Let no such thought or care of mind dismay thee,



:||:

Tell mee life :||: how grieve killeth or how it



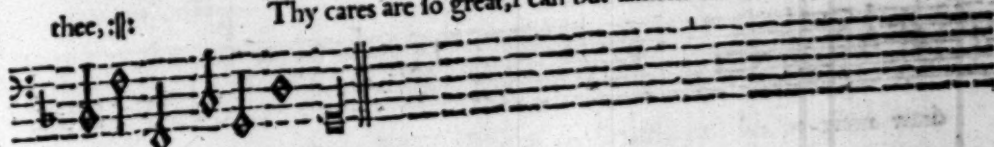
woundeth, when it so fore a-boundeth, :||:

Sweet hart content



thee, :||:

Thy cares are so great, I can but lament thee, Thy cares are so



great, I can but lament thee.





Of 5.

## XII. BASS VS.

Alessandro Orologio.



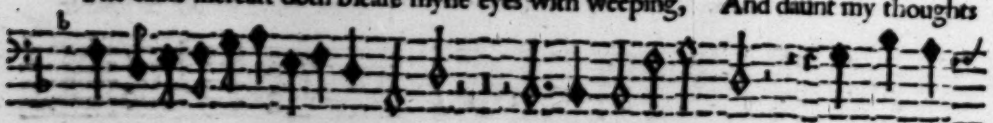
Oden passions, with strange and rare tormenting,



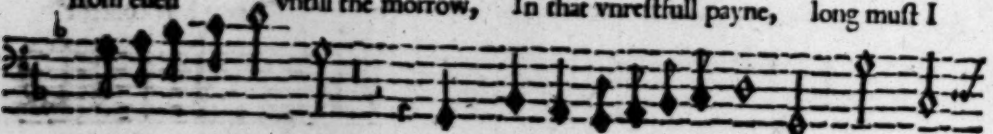
Increaseth griefe, and more, it breeds my sorrow,



The cause increast doth beare myne eyes with weeping, And daunt my thoughts



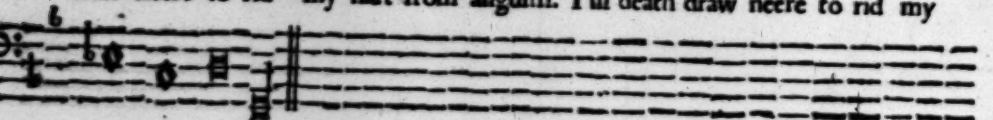
from euen vntill the morrow, In that vnrestfull payne, long must I



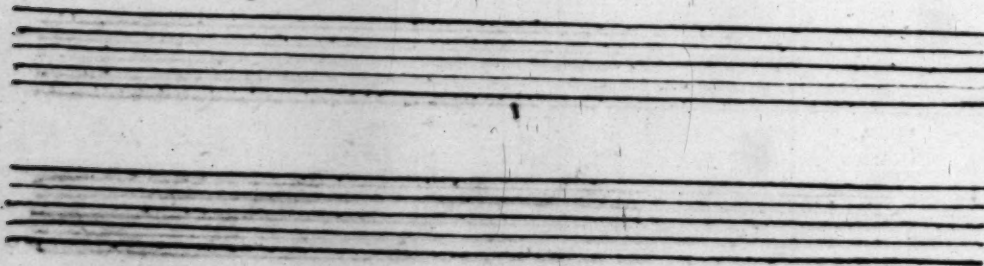
lan- guish. long must I lan- guish, Till death



draw neere to rid my hart from anguish. Till death draw neere to rid my



hart from anguish.



Of 7.

## XIII. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferrabosco.



F silent, if silent, then grieve torments mee, If I



speake, your patience mo- ueth, Hating him that lo-



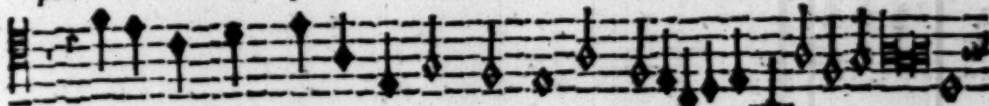
ueth, :::

your wrath preuents mee.

That these my lines, so



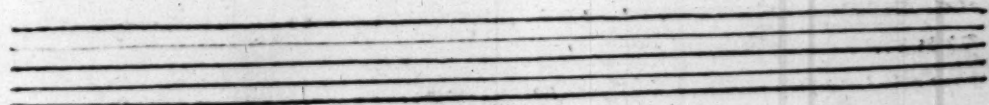
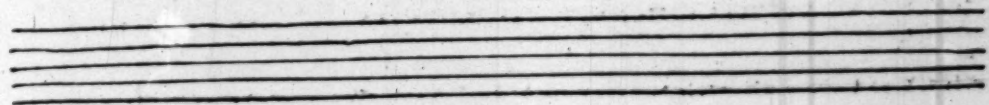
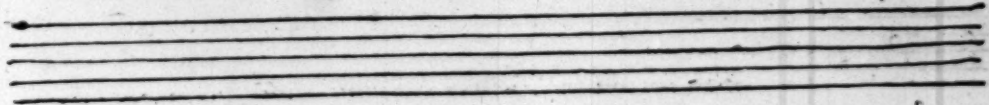
pen- sue, so pen- sue, may no way seeme offen- sue,



But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading, :::



But rather worke my ioye, by your sweet reading, reading.



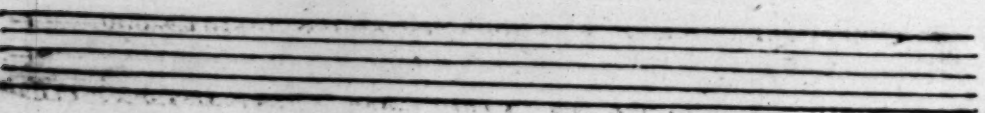
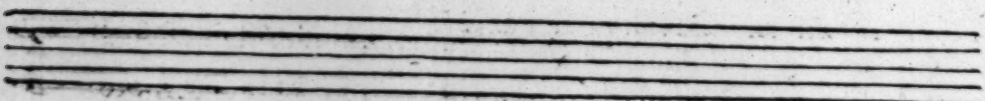
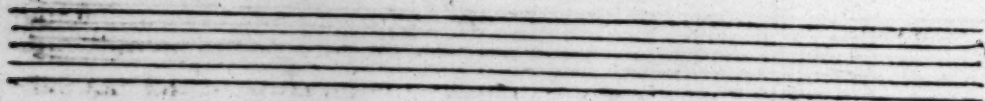
Ofs.

## XIIII. BASSVS.

Luca Marenzio.



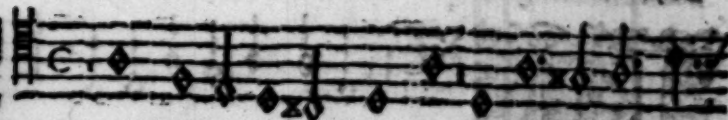
My louing sweet hart, how can my wounded hart  
to lue be able, that without your feruent loue, A-las, :||: what  
greife and sadnesse, In my. torments doe make mee mi-se-ra-ble, which from mine eies  
do wring such teares & grones, y vnto pittie moue, pittie moue, the hard rocks  
and stones, pi-tie moue, the hard rocks and stones, the hard rocks and  
stones, the hard rocks and stones.



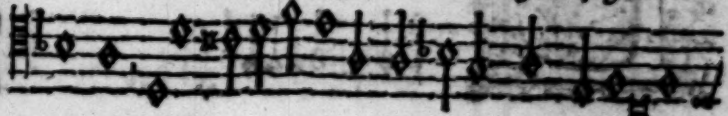


Of 3.

XV. BASSVS.

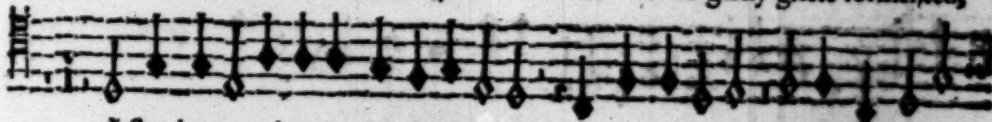


Languish to complaine mee, with gash-ly grief tor-

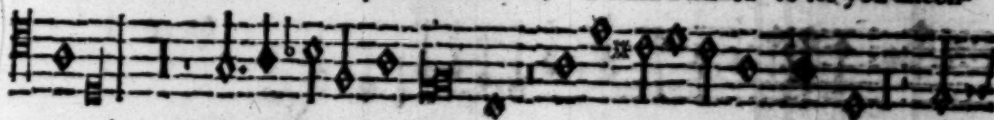


mented, :||:

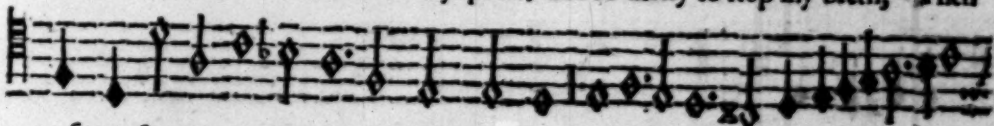
with gashly griefe tormented,



I stand a mazed to see you discontented, I stand a mazed to see you discon-



tented. • Better I to hold my peace, and co-uertly to stop my breth, Then



cause my sorrows to increafe, &amp; worke my death and couertly to stop my

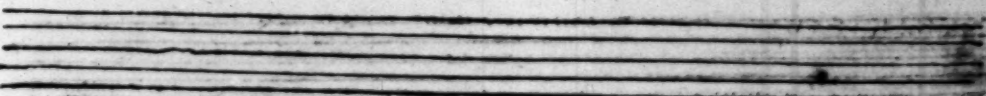


breth, Then cause my sorrows, :||:

to increafe, and worke my death.



Then cause my sorrows to increafe, and worke my death.



Of 5.

XVI BASSVS.

Hippolito Sabino.



On how my colour rangeth, And death to life exchaung-

eth, ::

Live thou deceitfull, And let me

live contrary, ::

and let mee live contrary, And thus by living,

wee both live, ::

In lues wee va-

rie, in lues wee varie.

Empty musical staves for continuation of the piece.

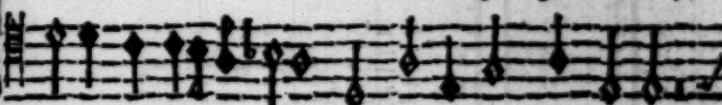
Of f.

XVII.

BASSVS.



Hiris, on his faire Phillis brest reposing, Sweet-ly,



sweetly did lan- guish, when shee in loues sweet anguish,



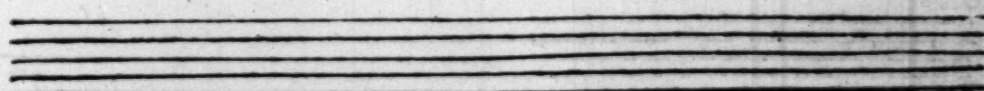
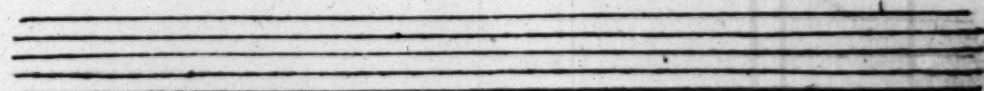
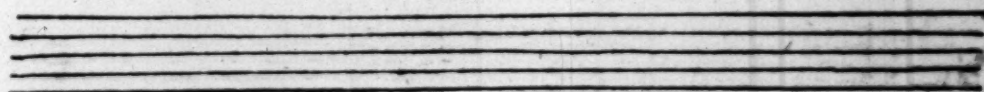
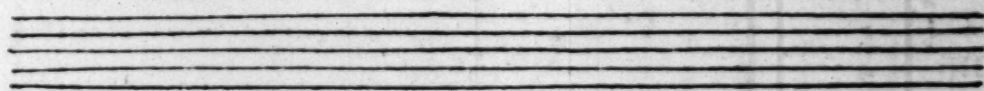
with sugred glosing, Thir- tis & tell mee, art not thou my beloued, Then



hee, :: which to hir hart was euer neereft, Kist hir againe and said, ::



yes yes La-dy dearest.



D

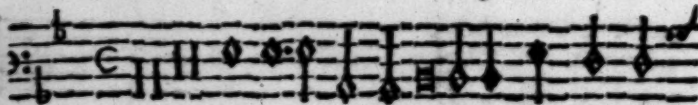
x



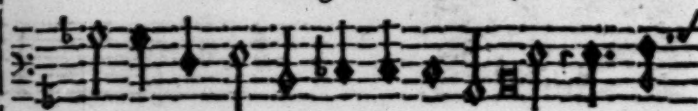
Of 3.

## XVIII. BASSVS.

Rugiero Giouanelli.



OR verie grieve I die, if that you shew not



in your faire eies; some signe of grace &amp; pittie, Hate beares



a sway so mightie, ::

That what to do I know not, ::



But pine with outward anguish, And for your owne sweet sake, That what to



doe I know not, ::

But pyne with outward anguish, And for your

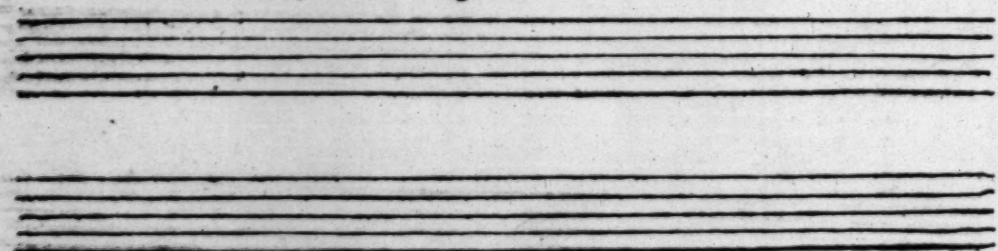


owne sweet sake, ::

my heart doth languish. And for your



owne sweet sake, my hart doth languish.



Of 5. The first part.

## XIX. BASSVS.

Peter Phillips.



**T**HE Nightingale that sweetly, sweetly, sweetly  
 doth complaine, that sweetly, sweetly doth complaine, his  
 yong once lost, or for his louing mate, To fill the heauens & fields himselfe doth  
 frame, with sweet and dolfull tunes, to shew his state, So all the night, to doe I  
 am full faine, Remembring my hard hap, and cru-ell fate, Remembring my hard  
 hap, :||: and cruell fate, For I a lone, am cause of all my  
 paine, That gods might dye, I learned to know to late. That gods &c.

D.ii.



Of 5. The second part.

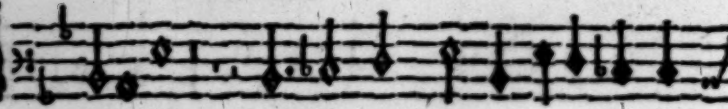
XX. BASSVS.

Peter Philippa.



False deceit, :||:

who can him- self



as- sure, Those two faire lights aye clearer then the

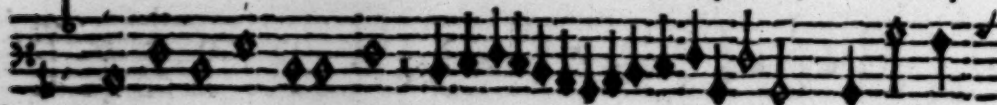


Sun, Who euer thought to see made so obscure, :||:

to



see made so obscure, Well now I see, Fortune doth me procure, To learne by



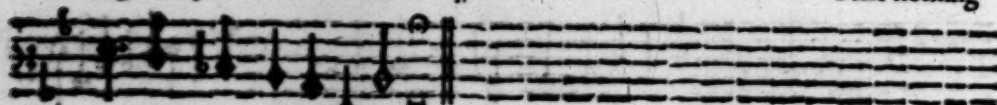
proofe, in this case that I runne, that I

runne, That nothing

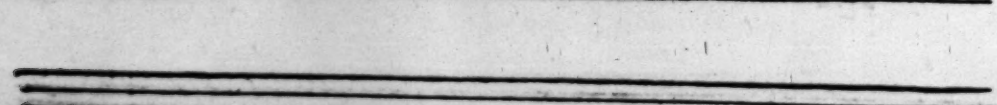
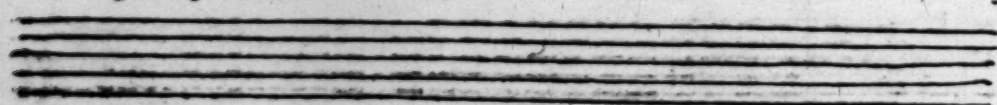


long doth please, ne can indure. :||:

That nothing



long doth please, ne can in- dure,





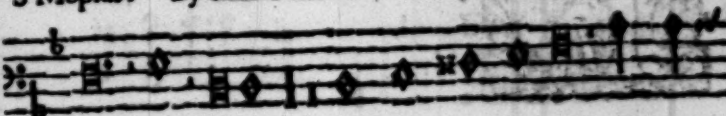
Of 3.

## XXI. BASSVS.

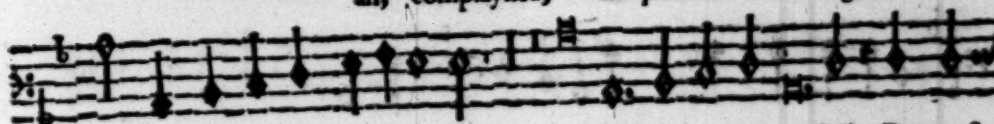
Stephano Venturi.



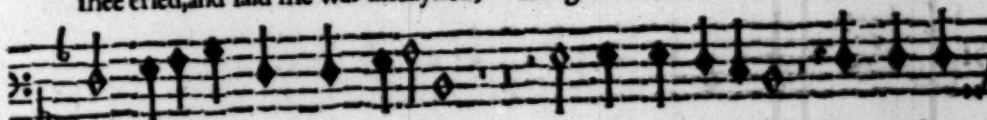
S Mopfus: By chance hee heard how Pha- be,



ah, complayned, and pathes forth leading, Sore then



shee cried, and said she was disdayned, Long could he not then enduer, But prof-

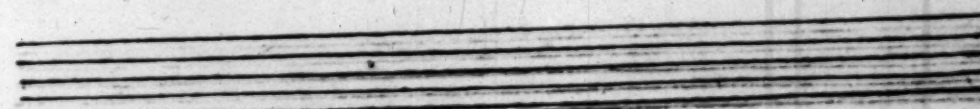
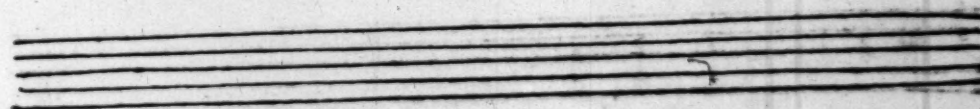
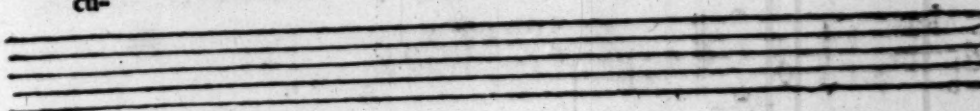


fered hir a false, hir wound to cuer. But proffered hir a false, hir wound to



cu-

er.

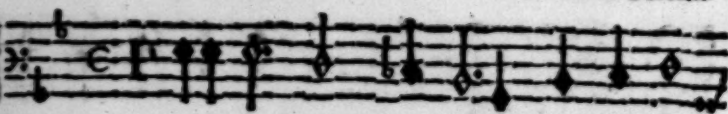


D.iii.

Of 5.

XXII BASSVS.

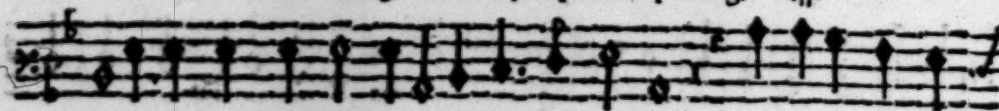
Gionanni Feretri.



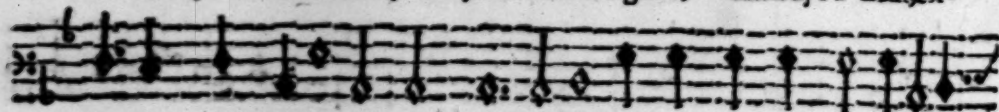
Lora faire Nimphe, whilst fil- ly Lambes are fee-



ding, Graunt my request in speeding, ::



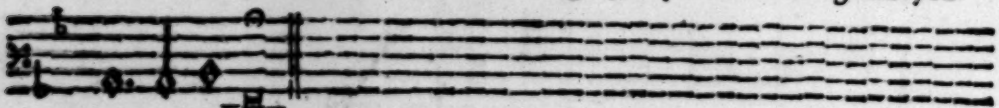
For your sweet loue my fil- ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall, ex-



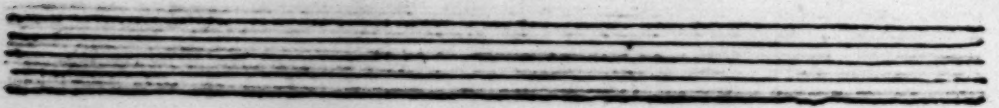
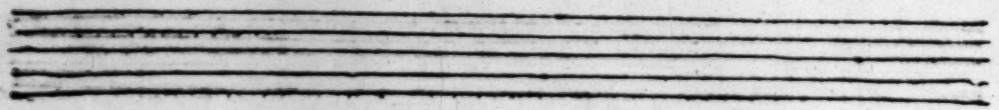
cept you quench the anguish, you quench the anguish, For your sweet loue my filly



hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you quench the An-guish, you



quench the anguish.



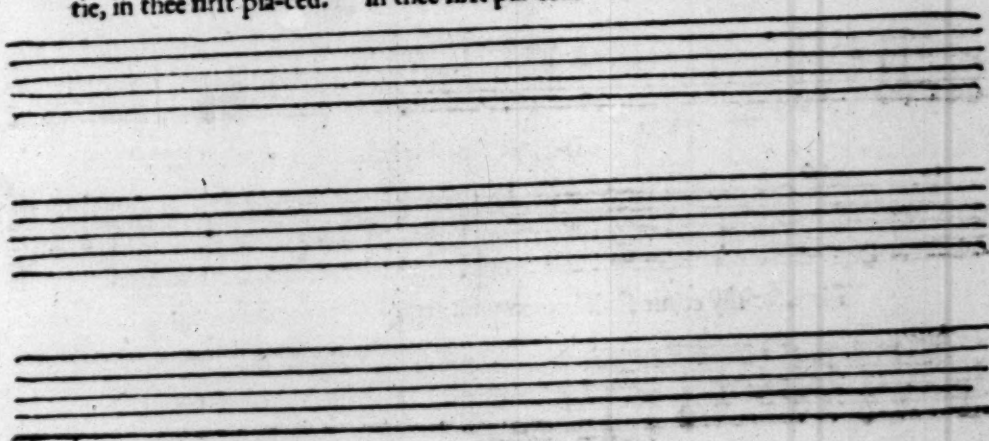
Of 5.

## XXIII. BASSVS.

Giouanni di Macqua.



Y sweet Lay- is, La- dy mi-  
 stres, :||: Ladie mistres, Layis, aye mee,  
 poore hart, poore hart, ah poore hart, :||:  
 Dayly tormented, And deadly malecon- tented, Since thou for true loue,  
 :||: shalt bee so fore disgraced, so fore disgraced, By foule enormi-  
 tie, in thee first pla- ced. in thee first pla- ced.

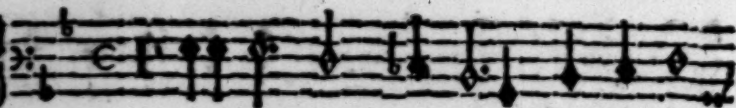




Of 5.

XXII BASSVS.

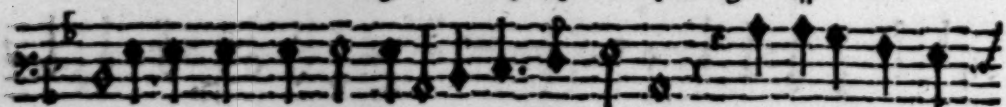
Giouanni Feretti.



Lora faire Nimphe, whilst fil- ly Lambes are fee-



ding, Grant my request in speeding, :||:



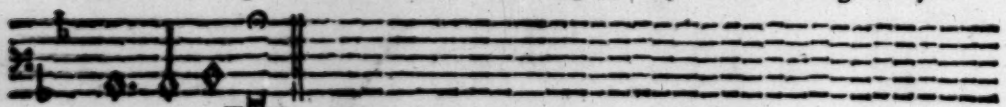
For your sweet loue my fil- ly hart doth languish, And dye I shall, ex-



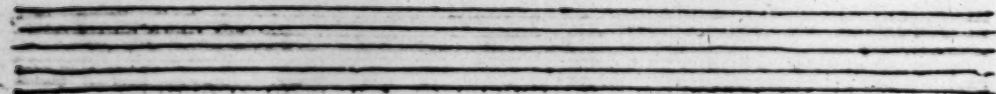
cept you quench the anguish, you quench the anguish, For your sweet loue my filly



hart doth languish, And dye I shall except you quench the Anguish, you



quench the anguish.



Of 5.

## XXIII. BASSVS.

Giouanni di Macque.



Y sweet Lay- is, La- dy mi-  
 stres, :||: Ladie mistres, Layis, aye mee,  
 poore hart, poore hart, ah: poore hart, :||:  
 Dayly tormented, And deadly malecon- tented, Since thou for true loue,  
 :||: shalt bee so sore disgraced, so sore disgraced, By foule enormi-  
 tie, in thee first pla- ced. in thee first pla- ced.



Of 5.

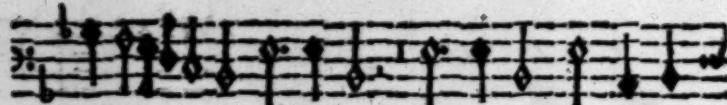
## XXIIII. BASSVS.

Alfonso Ferabosco.



AY sweet Phillis, :::

what



thy will is, Call thy selfe, Call thy selfe, Call thou thy



selfe to minde, to minde, call thou thy self to minde, cease his la-



men-ting, which seeketh thy contenting, :::



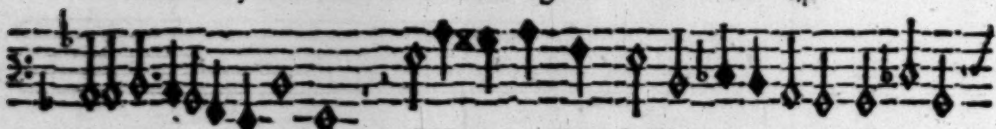
If I for true loue shall, :::

bee so rewarded, :::



Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regar-

ded. :::



If I for true loue shall bee so rewarded, :::



Thou for thy crime shalt bee no whit regar-

ded. :::



FINIS.



